

Children's Newspaper

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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WHAT COMES WHEN CIVILISATION GOES

AMAZING CAPTAIN RULING THE TOWNS OF THE RHINE

What Happens when
Civilisation Breaks Down

THE TROUBLE ORGANISER

Those who think it impossible for civilisation to break down utterly will be astounded to read the extraordinary story of what has lately happened in Germany, with Ludendorf locked up and free again, with the Crown Prince back home again, and with a gang of criminals in control of some of the Rhineland towns. This is what the captain of these men said to the correspondent of The Times who sent home the amazing story.

"I was brought to Rhineland three weeks ago to put this affair through by force, and have been made commander-in-chief of the Flying Rhine Army. I have several thousand men under me, all armed to the teeth. We have machine-guns, rifles, hand-grenades, and revolvers, with unlimited ammunition. Frankly, the movement could not succeed otherwise.

'Ready to Desert'

"I am no raw recruit—this sort of thing is my trade, as you will realise when I tell you that I organised the whole of the troubles in Upper Silesia.

"I arrived this morning from Düsseldorf to fortify this place, from which we shall proceed to overthrow the existing local authorities of all the Rhenish towns, while maintaining our hold on those we have seized. We have assured supplies of money by setting up our own printing press. Food is supplied to us from Düsseldorf. The type of men I have under me will fight for anyone who will feed and pay them, and desert to the other side when pay stops."

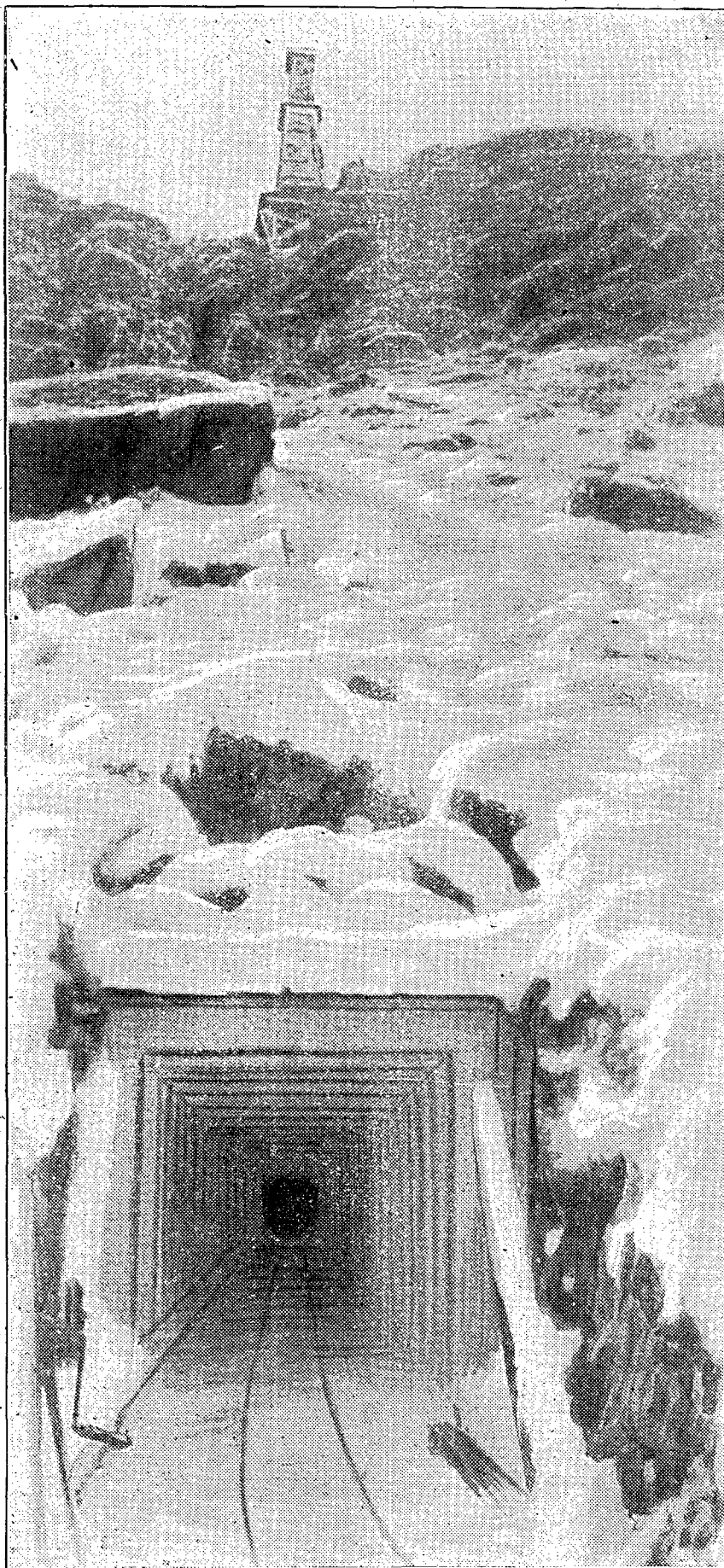
Lord of Life and Death

Having thus spoken, the captain then took the journalist in one of his stolen motor-cars to visit a parade. In a school courtyard were drawn up 150 dangerous-looking roughs. Every type of criminal and degenerate was represented; one looked in vain for a single honest face. The captain, in Prussian parade tones, addressed them as follows:

"Men of the Flying Army, I am your Commander-in-Chief, and you will obey my every order absolutely. No plundering or requisitioning without an order—I will shoot anyone disobeying. Two plunderers already await sentence. Look at me well; for you I am lord over life and death. Dismiss!"

Such adventures cannot endure for long; but they are a warning to three classes of people in all lands—to those who are indifferent because they think nothing serious can happen; to those impatient people who would change things without carefully weighing the consequences; and to those who believe that militarism can bring prosperity.

Digging Up a Meteorite



At some time in the past a great meteorite struck the Earth in Arizona and plunged into the ground to a depth of 1400 feet. Attempts are now being made to get at its valuable material, iron, nickel, manganese, diamonds, and iridium, and a tunnel has been bored through the hillside, as shown here. See page 3

INSECT OF DISASTER

THE TERRIBLE WEEVIL AND THE COTTON TRADE

Tiny Creature which Throws
Men Out of Work in Lancashire

WHO WILL CONQUER IT?

The terrible cotton boll weevil still controls the world's cotton supply, and dictates what the price of cotton goods shall be by limiting the supply.

The American Government has announced that the present crop will yield only 10,248,000 bales, a bale being approximately 500 pounds. For the 14 years from 1901 to 1914, the average American crop of cotton was over 13 million bales, and with increasing needs and improved methods of cultivation, it should have been much more now.

But the boll weevil has said. No. Despite all the efforts to combat it, the insect still controls the situation, and the whole world suffers because of a tiny creature less than half an inch long. Much of the unemployment in the cotton districts of Lancashire is due to the work of the weevil in limiting the supply of raw material, and making what does exist too dear for many people to buy when woven into cloth and garments.

Peril to a Great Industry

The seriousness of the situation is shown by the fact that America's production of cotton and her own consumption of that material are rapidly coming to a point where they will coincide, and then there will be no cotton to export to the Lancashire mills. Some authorities are wondering whether this insect will not utterly destroy the cotton industry.

The weevil is now called in America "the billion-dollar bandit," as its yearly ravages are estimated at a thousand million dollars, or about two hundred million pounds.

It is amazing to think what this insect has brought the cotton industry to in only 21 years. It was in 1892 that it slipped over the Mexican border into the United States, and began its work there.

A Pasteur Needed

As early as 1862 the weevil compelled the cotton growers at Monclova, Mexico, to abandon cotton culture altogether, and when in 1893 they dared once more to plant the seed, the weevil promptly appeared and destroyed the entire crop.

Scientists have fought the pest for years, but the insect beats them every time. Poison has been used, but there is not enough of it to make any impression; flocks of quails, guinea hens, and chickens have been tried, but they cannot keep up with the pest; and a fruitless search has been made all over the world for a parasite that will prey on the weevil and destroy it. Before long the United States may cease to produce cotton at all.

Will a Pasteur arise to save the cotton industry, as the great French chemist saved the silk industry years ago?

MR. WILSON SPEAKS**PUT SELFISHNESS AWAY****Armistice Day Message Heard
by Two Million Americans****THE GREAT WRONG DONE
TO CIVILISATION**

This message was spoken by wireless to an audience which must have numbered two million people. The ex-President of America sat in his home at Washington and his words were heard throughout the States.

The anniversary of Armistice Day should stir us to a great exaltation of spirit, because of the proud recollection that it was our day, a day above those early days of that never-to-be-forgotten November which lifted the world to high levels of vision and achievement.

Upon that high level of vision the great war for democracy and right was fought and won, although the stimulating memories of that happy time of triumph are for ever marred and embittered for us by the shameful fact that when victory was won we turned our backs on our associates and refused to bear any responsible part in the administration of peace or the firm establishment of the results of the war, and withdrew into a sullen and selfish isolation which was deeply ignoble because it was manifestly cowardly and dishonourable.

This must always be a source of deep mortification to us, and we shall inevitably be forced by the moral obligations of freedom and honour to retrieve that fatal error and assume once more the rôle of courage, self-respect, and helpfulness which every true American must wish and believe to be our true part in the affairs of the world.

Acting on the Highest Ideals

That we should thus have done great wrong to civilisation at one of the most critical periods in the history of mankind is the more to be deplored because every anxious year that has followed has made the services we might have rendered more and more manifest and more pressing as the demoralising circumstances which we might have controlled have gone from bad to worse, until now, as if to furnish a sort of sinister climax, France and Italy between them have made waste-paper of the Treaty of Versailles, and the whole field of international relationships is in perilous confusion.

The only way in which we can show our true appreciation of the significance of Armistice Day is by resolving to put self-interest away, and once more formulate and act upon the highest ideals and purposes of international policy. Thus, and only thus, can we return to the true tradition of America.

**PLUCK OF A LAUNDRY
WORKER****A Lesson from America**

Labour law in the United States varies from State to State, and is in some places good and in others bad.

It is pleasant to read that the State of New York is very advanced in such matters, and its official journal shows that we have something to learn from the best American practice.

A pretty little laundry worker of New York, Madeline Baker, had her left hand so badly crushed in a machine mangle that it had to be amputated above the wrist. She never lost heart, however, and her first remark to the horrified girls who gathered around her was, "I'm glad it wasn't my right hand." She received compensation under the State law, and more than that.

The New York State has what is called a Bureau of Rehabilitation, in which injured workers are trained to be useful to themselves; and in this institution little Madeline Baker learned to become a book-keeper, so that now she is back at work in the office of the laundry, happy and cheerful.

THE LOCUST SPECIAL**How South Africa Deals
with a Pest****ODD SCENES ON A RAILWAY**

Not for the first time, South Africa is being invaded by swarms of locusts, which are eating their way through the Orange Free State and threatening ruin to farmers when the billions of eggs they lay hatch out in the rains.

"Where the locust has eaten" is a saying which typifies the desolation that this horde leaves behind it.

In such myriads have they come of late that trains have been held up by masses of locusts swarming over the track so that the wheels of the train cannot grip the rails.

But this aspect of the visitation has suggested a remedy to the railway men. The locusts are spread in a thick carpet on either side of the railway track, and so "locust specials" are being sent to attend to them.

The "locust special" is a locomotive with a tank wagon attached. In the tank is a poisonous acid; and on the tank is a pump working two sprays that shoot the poison far and wide on either side of the track on to the locusts. Millions of them are killed on every journey of the locust locomotives; and so successful has this method been that a regular service has been installed and more engines are being employed.

The swarms often fly over towns; and Johannesburg has lately been visited by one which took hours to pass overhead, and left millions of tired stragglers strewn the streets. But Johannesburg retaliates on the pest by collecting the bodies of the locusts and pounding them into paste, which is rich in oil and can be sold for poultry food. The natives dry the locusts and eat them, fried in fat.

DRAMA OF THE ALPS**One Accident Reveals Another
LONG LOST TRAVELLER FOUND**

Among the stories of those who have been within an ace of death in climbing the Alps none is more strange than that of Nurse Angela Teslie.

She has just been rescued from the bottom of a steep slope near Innsbruck, where it seemed that no one could fall and live. She went out climbing by herself and slipped down the height named the Hohenwart, rolling and falling 300 feet till she lay injured and helpless at the bottom.

She could not call, and it was only after two days that a search party of tourists found her in a place that seemed impassable. How near she had been to death, and how terrible was her situation, were seen when the searchers reached her; for by the side of the still-living woman was the body of a dead man, with a whistle still between his teeth. He was an Austrian student who had been missing since last June.

Like Nurse Teslie, he, too, had fallen, and had been unable to stir. He had tried to whistle for help, but no help had come, and he had died, and there, after a hundred days, came another traveller to rest by his side, but happily more fortunate than he.

**SHAKESPEARE'S INCOME
And the First Shakespeare
Book**

One of the lecturers at the National Portrait Gallery, Mr. Bertram, has been talking about the first printing of Shakespeare.

It is believed that there are now about 140 copies of the First Folio in existence, but only about 20 are in perfect condition. The original edition was supposed to consist of 250 copies, sold at 11 apiece—equal to £8 now.

Shakespeare became a comparatively rich man in his later years, as his income was equal to quite £5000 a year today.

**WE SHALL REMEMBER
YOU****THE LIGHT THAT SHINES
OVER PARIS****Flame of Remembrance Above
the Unknown Warrior****EVERY NIGHT FOR EVER**

Throughout the darkness of night, henceforth and for ever, Paris will see a great light. High above that beautiful city a flame will leap into the night air, and burn till the Sun comes up in the east and the workers pour into the streets in the morning.

This light is to be kindled at sunset on the Arc de Triomphe, and is to be called the Flame of Remembrance. Under the shadow of that noble arch lies the dead body of an unknown man who died to give Europe the Peace that does not come.

The statesman leaving the Quai d'Orsay at nightfall will see this light; the rich banker driving home will see it; the clerk, the typist, the little milliner, and the artisan, sitting under the trees of the Champs Elysées, will see the flame burning in the dark air; and when all Paris is asbed, and the Opera has closed its doors, and the last clumsy old cab has rumbled away to its stable, and the last miserable wretch in rags has crawled away to some dark arch by the river, the gendarme standing guard over the streets will see the light in the sky and feel himself to be the sentinel of the passionate death of French youth for the Peace which is still denied.

The Children Will Peep

Curtains will be drawn aside in many Paris windows, and children born since the war will peep out into the twinkling darkness of the city to see the wild flame tossing in the wind above the Unknown Warrior, and will go back to their beds with a great thought in their minds and a little prayer in their hearts.

The rain will fall, but the flame will still burn. The wind will cry through the streets and bend the great trees, but the light will shine. Snow may cover the city, but the light above the silence of the snow will burn itself into the memory of all who love France.

It is a beautiful idea, the Flame of Remembrance. So long as it reminds Paris of self-sacrifice in a great cause and the value to a nation of its very humblest life, so long as it is a fire on the altar of sacrifice and not an inspiration for another Hymn of Hate, it will burn in the sky like that great star of ancient times which led the shepherds to the cradle of the Prince of Peace.

Lights that Shine & Bells that Ring

In our little Leicestershire town of Loughborough a carillon of 47 bells rings out every day from a campanile in the People's Park remembrance of those who died in the war. Perhaps if the Last Post could be sounded at sunset every night from the Cenotaph in London it might help the millions of our imperial metropolis to remember the debt they owe to that Unknown Warrior who sleeps between Livingstone and Pitt.

Lights that shine for ever, bells that ring for ever—these things should help the world to remember its debt and remind the human soul that, as a church window at Fairhaven in Massachusetts says: God, the Creator, doth not sit aloof, As in a picture painted on a roof, Occasionally looking down from thence; He is all nature and all providence.

Allied with Him, fighting for Truth and Peace, we can never be overthrown.

**FISH THAT TRUSTED
A MAN****The Carp in the Roman
Bath****A TOWN LOSES AN INTERESTING
CREATURE**

The carp that used to take food from its keeper's hand in the Roman bath at Bath is dead. It was the second carp that had been trained to trust a man in this interesting old place.

Mr. Page, the keeper of the Roman bath, wrote to the C.N. some time ago to explain how he taught the fish to trust him, and we give his notes below.

When I returned from Germany after the war, I was very disappointed to find that someone had removed the bell one of my fish used to ring for its food.

Of course, I had to find something else to amuse the great number of children who visit these ancient relics, so I began training the largest carp in the bath—Knight of the Bath we call him. He is ten years old.

The fish was very frightened at first, and would not approach nearer than six feet to the edge of the bath. Using a long, thin stick, however, I placed a big blue-bottle fly on the end, and pushed it into the water.

After a time Knight of the Bath mustered enough courage to take the fly off the stick, and from that moment I was hopeful of him. I began shortening the stick an inch each day, until, after six weeks, the stick had been reduced to a single inch.

By this time Knight had become quite used to the sight of my hand, and, dispensing with the last inch of the stick, the carp would fearlessly take its dinner from between my fingers. Now he is the "star turn" at the Roman Baths.

**THE MEN WHO MADE
LIFE SAFE FOR US****What Some Forget**

The only blot on the solemn memories of Armistice Day was the unhappy address of Lord Birkenhead, belittling the ideals for which our heroes died.

The Bishop of St. Albans, Dr. Furse, speaking at a memorial service at Ware, won the deep appreciation of his congregation by the following reference to the subject.

Lord Birkenhead says the age of idealism is the age of sloppy folly. I think this man forgets a good deal about human nature and history. He forgets the lonely hills outside the insignificant City, away in the East, and what took place there 1900 years ago.

He forgets the "sloppy folly" of supreme sacrifice. He forgets the "sloppy folly" of the fields of Flanders, Suvla Bay, Africa, Mesopotamia, and the high seas of Jutland.

He forgets the "sloppy folly" of the men who made England safe for me and for you and for him, that he might live in peace and plenty, and enjoy his pension of £5000 a year as ex-Lord Chancellor.

More cruel principles I have never had the misfortune to read from the lips of any public man.

**A GEORGE WASHINGTON
TOWER****And George Washington's
Trowel**

A George Washington Memorial by the Freemasons of America is to be set up at Alexandria, in Virginia, with a tower two hundred feet high. From this tower the city of Washington will be seen ten miles away.

The stone of this new building has just been laid with the trowel used by George Washington himself in laying the foundation stone of the American Capitol on September 18, 1793.

FIGHT FOR THE BED OF A RIVER

A CURIOUS LEGAL QUESTION

Settling a Boundary Between Two States

PUBLIC RIGHTS AND PRIVATE RIGHTS

A very curious dispute has been settled by the United States Supreme Court.

Two States, Oklahoma and Texas, and the Federal Government of the United States have all been disputing about the ownership of the bed of a river that separates the two States.

The river in question, the Red River, is 1300 miles long, and 557 miles are in Louisiana and Arkansas, 539 miles are on the boundary between Texas and Oklahoma, and the remaining 204 miles traverse Texas alone.

The Middle of the River

In the dispute Texas claimed the middle line of the river as her State boundary, but Oklahoma maintained that the whole river to its Texan bank belonged to her. The quarrel became acute, especially when oil was discovered under the bed of the stream. Parts of the disputed area were seized by both States and held by armed forces, and at one place fighting occurred.

The matter was complicated by individual citizens of both States filing suits in their own Courts and getting decisions in their favour against citizens of the rival State. Both States, too, assumed jurisdiction over the disputed area, and called out their militia to support the decisions of their Courts.

A Question of Navigation

To settle the matter the United States Supreme Court was appealed to. Oklahoma in presenting her case declared that the river was navigable, which gave her certain rights, and was entirely within that State, and that therefore she had sole rights over it. Texas agreed that the river was navigable, but stoutly maintained that the middle line was her boundary and that therefore the southern half of the bed was her territory.

But now a new complication occurred. The United States Federal Government stepped in, disputed the navigability of the Red River, and claimed the whole of the bed for itself.

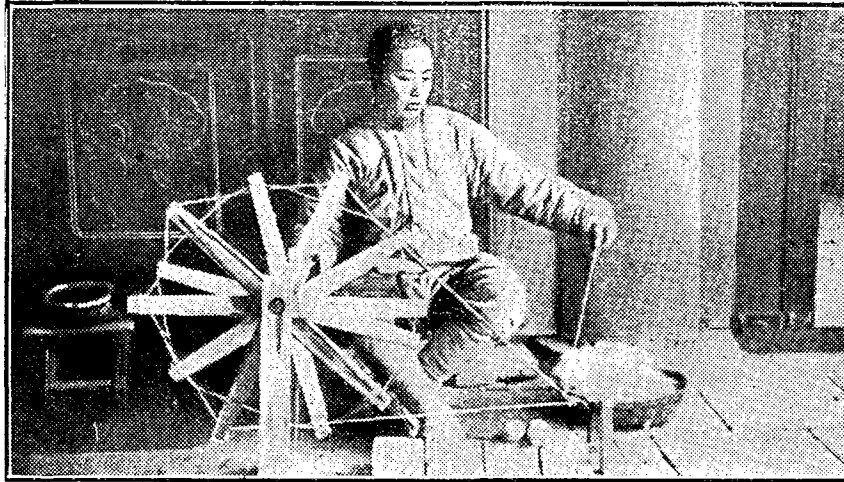
This was a very tough nut for the Court to crack, but it has now given its decision and the matter is ended, all parties having to accept the ruling as there is no higher court to appeal to.

A Rich Oil-field

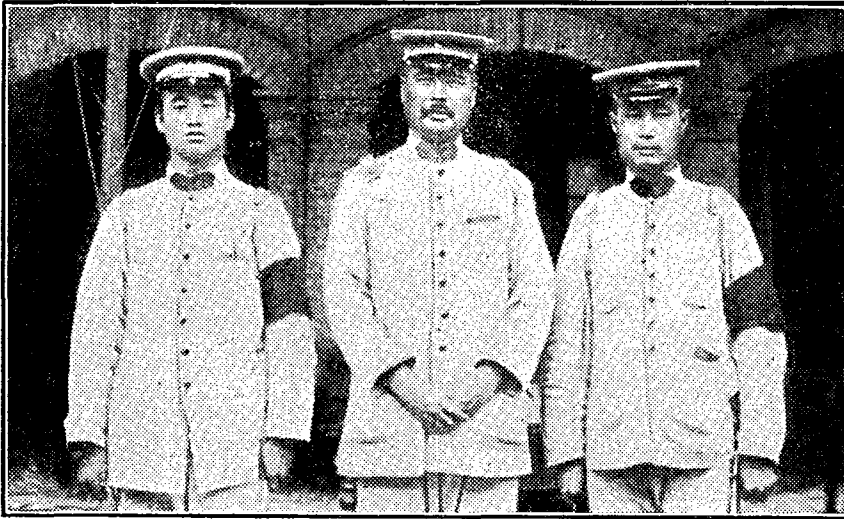
The Court found from the evidence that the Red River is a non-navigable stream along the boundary of Oklahoma; that under various treaties and the Act admitting Texas into the United States this part of the Texan boundary stops at the river's southern bank; that since the river is non-navigable no part of the title to the bed passed to Oklahoma on its admission to the Union; that the United States having disposed of its lands along the north bank by allotment to Indians and to Oklahoma for school purposes, those who now own the upland also hold the bed of the river to its middle line; that Texas had no title beyond the bank on its own side of the river; and that the bed of the river between the Texan boundary and the middle of the river is owned by the United States Federal Government.

The area thus secured for the public of the United States as a whole is 140,800 acres, or about the size of Middlesex. This may not seem a great deal, but about 7240 acres form a rich oil-field and therefore the area is of great value to the country at large.

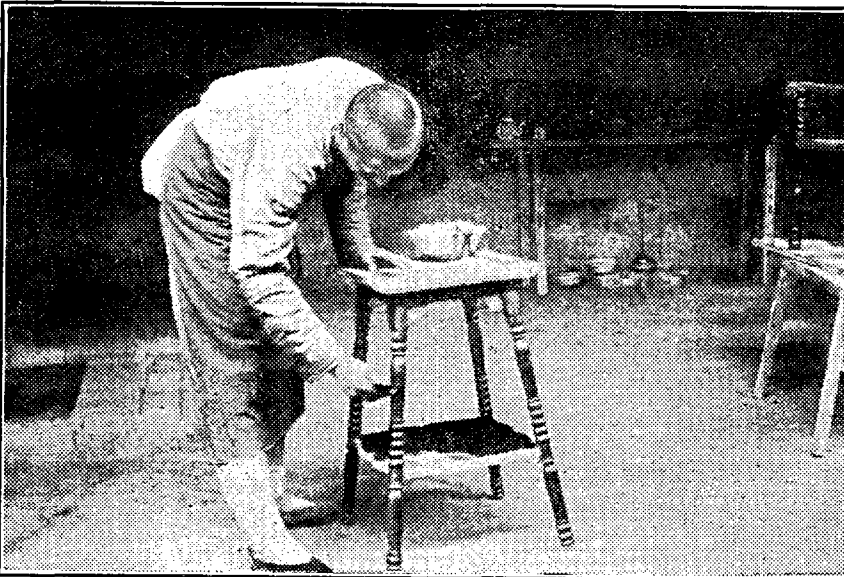
CHINA'S WONDERFUL ARMY



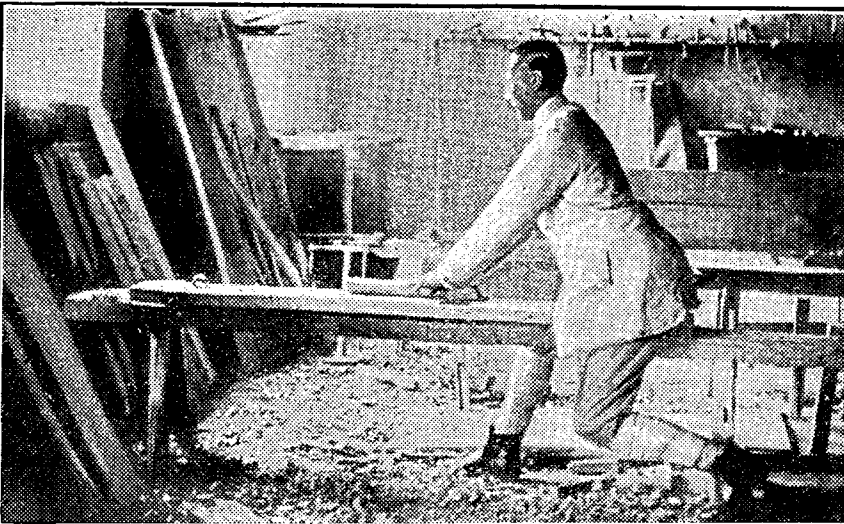
A soldier learning to spin cotton



General Feng with two of his officers



A soldier varnishing a table



A trooper learning carpentry

China has one army which is an amazing example of discipline and efficiency, together with good behaviour and kindly thought for others. General Feng, the Christian general, sees that all his men are taught a trade, so as to be useful in civil life later on. His army is very charitable to distressed civilians. General Feng has been chosen a delegate to next year's World Methodist Conference in America.

THE PROVINCES SET AN EXAMPLE

A Needed Lesson in Good Manners

SUNDERLAND AND THE STAGE

We have been asked to call attention to a wise decision that the town of Sunderland has made, and to which the C.N. has already briefly referred.

To most people Sunderland stands as the home of supremely good football and great engineering enterprises carried out by rough men of mechanical talent. But in that famous industrial city of the rugged North there is a spirit of quiet refinement which greater cities might profitably study.

Its Watch Committee has published notices behind the stage of its theatres that performers are not to swear in public.

It seems almost incredible that such notices are either necessary or revolutionary, but it is a fact that, while the tone of our stage has greatly improved of late years, the unpardonable practice of swearing in songs and dialogue has become a commonplace.

The Beautiful English Language

It is an extraordinary thing that anybody should imagine that swearing pleases people. Whereas we should turn a man out who used bad language in our homes, we are supposed to be amused by it as we sit in seats for which we have paid at a theatre.

Manchester has banned objectionable films which have been received without protest in London; Birmingham magistrates have smartly fined a comedian who was welcome in London halls; and now Sunderland is setting free its stage from the vulgar habit of swearing.

And Birmingham, too, in the famous Repertory Theatre, which it largely owes to the public spirit of Mr. Barry Jackson, has set our London stage a noble example in producing fine plays.

The provinces, thanks to Manchester and Birmingham, are giving London a sweeter, more intellectual, and more musical drama than it has of late years been able to produce for itself; and now, in saving our beautiful English language from abuse, they place us once more in their debt.

A BURIED METEORITE

Digging Out a Million Pounds of Metal

At Cañon Diablo, in Arizona, there is a great hole with a high rampart, or hill, all round it, which makes it remarkably like the craters of the Moon in appearance. The crater is nearly a mile across and 580 feet deep.

Deep down under the ground in this crater, 1400 feet below the surface, a vast mass of iron was discovered some years ago, and the natives had a tradition that a meteorite had here fallen upon the Earth and buried itself in the ground. It was the native story that led to borings being made.

The mass of metal certainly seems like meteoric iron, and it has been found to contain tiny diamonds besides other valuable metals like nickel and manganese. This has led to a determination to mine the meteorite. As the crater is by the side of a cañon, and as it would be very costly to dig out the meteorite from the top, a tunnel has been driven to it, and it is proposed to get out the metal from the side.

The meteorite is estimated to be 300 feet in diameter and to weigh about a million pounds, so that it is worth a great deal of money. The mass of metal has already been reached by the tunnel, and a line of rails has been laid to the spot.

• Picture on page one

ON THE EDGE OF AN ABYSS

A TALE OF AN AFRICAN VALLEY

French Peasant Who Followed in Livingstone's Footsteps

WIDOWED MOTHER AND HER BOY

One day three wagons halted in an African valley. A messenger was sent to ask the Chief Masonda for permission to enter his land.

The newcomers were a Frenchman called Coillard, his niece, and his Scottish wife. They were journeying through a country where, if a man whom you were known to dislike should happen to die, you were accused of witchcraft, and slowly tortured to death; where strong tribes raided weak ones to get slaves and cattle; and for the pleasure of killing; and where one king amused himself by feeding crocodiles with children. These three white folk travelled through it, preaching mercy.

A friendly invitation came from Masonda, and the strangers set off to visit him in his mountain home. The chief's brother helped Madame Coillard up the rock, and a follower helped the niece. Suddenly Coillard's servant cried "Look where they are leading us!"

The Brave Women

The women were on the brink of an abyss. Coillard and his man were just in time to rescue them.

The white people returned to their encampment. Masonda soon came to visit them, demanding gifts they could not supply. Then he went off in a rage, to summon his soldiers and make an end of the invaders.

As the whites moved away they saw parties of natives speeding along the heights to cut them off in all directions. Then one of the wagons sank in a muddy stream. Masonda had them in his power. But, to the astonishment of the natives, the two white women calmly sat down on the bank and began to sew.

Such fearlessness was uncanny and awe-inspiring. When Coillard and his servants at length got the wagon out, and the women quietly folded their work, not a hand was raised against them.

A Stirring Story

So they passed on, and you may read of their great trek in Mr. Edward Shillito's book, "François Coillard," just published by the Student Christian Movement. There, for five shillings, the most adventure-loving reader can have his fill of war-drum and perils. But to some the most moving part of this stirring story will be the beginning. For who was this Coillard, who worked for fifty years under our flag and was offered a Residency by Cecil Rhodes?

He was a French peasant, whose widowed mother worked hard so that he might feed his love of learning. She dreamed that he should become a Huguenot pastor, and that she should keep his house. But one evening she burst into tears, and said "I am beaten; I can struggle no more; we shall starve."

The Boy Who Became a Missionary

At fourteen, then, he went into service, to be over-worked, put in a freezing garret, and denied his books. Deliverance and education came at last, but the mother never had her heart's desire, for when the boy asked her permission to be a missionary she only said, "I had hoped you would be a staff in my old age; but, after all, I did not train you for myself alone." She said goodbye to a handsome boy of twenty-three, whom she never saw again.

Mr. Shillito's little book holds the story of more than one great life; a heroine sleeps beneath the turf of some country churchyard of France, as surely as a hero sleeps under the sand by the great tree at Sefula.

WHY NOT A MOUSE WEEK?

LITTLE ANIMAL THAT DOES GREAT DAMAGE

How a British Army was Saved by Mice

RAID ON THE NEW FOREST

We have had another Rat Week; why not a Mouse Week? That is the question that many people are asking.

It is not enough to destroy the rats in order to save our crops and food stores; we must make war on the mice, for if we kill only the rats the mice will increase enormously. Rats prey on mice and eat their food supplies, and naturally with fewer rats the mice have more food and are able to multiply.

They do damage amounting to millions of pounds a year. The growing corn, the gathered sheaves, the piled up stacks, and the garnered grain are all preyed upon by mice. In the stack they are far more mischievous than rats, for they never have to leave the stack in search of water; and they multiply at an enormous rate.

In one case where seven stacks of corn were threshed in two days, no less than six stones of mice were destroyed by the men, in addition to those killed by dogs. As about 315 mice go to the stone, the number in the seven stacks must have been about two thousand. At least 24 quarters of corn had been wasted by these little creatures.

Mice Attack the Trees

Some years ago mice multiplied enormously in Gloucestershire, and the Forest of Dean and the New Forest were visited by myriads of mice that destroyed the trees wholesale by eating through the roots, or nibbling the bark. All kinds of trees suffered—oaks, beeches, and hollies—and it looked as if the forests would be completely destroyed.

All means of fighting the plague failed till a miner suggested that holes be dug all over the infested country at a distance of about twenty yards apart. This was done, and day after day hundreds of mice were found fallen in the pits. Polecats, kites, hawks, and owls visited the holes daily and had a rich feast, and the mice destroyed one another; but even after all these creatures had taken toll the number of mouse tails brought in by the destroyers numbered more than 100,000 from the Forest of Dean district and 100,000 from the New Forest.

The Buried Hoard

Strangely enough, a small owl never known before in the New Forest appeared in considerable numbers, attracted by the abundance of its natural food provided in the mouse-pits, and it was active in destroying the pests.

Not only do the mice eat the grain as they need it, but they carry away and bury large stores of it for the winter. A British army besieging a town in the French Netherlands was once seriously short of food, and was saved by the discovery under the ground of large hoards of corn buried by mice.

NIGERIA TAKES A STEP FORWARD

A Historic Meeting

The southern provinces of Nigeria have taken a step forward in the direction of self-government. The first meeting of the Legislative Council has been held at Lagos, the capital.

The Council consists of 42 members and the Governor, Sir Hugh Clifford, a highly experienced administrator, who established his reputation in Malaya. Of the members of the council 26 are officials, 12 are nominated, and four are elected. The northern provinces of Nigeria are still under the direct government of the Governor. Nigeria, south and north, has a population of from 18 to 20 millions.

WHY NINE SHIPS RAN ASHORE

DISCIPLINE GOES WRONG

Grave Error by American Naval Officers

WHEN SHOULD THEY DISOBEY?

A great mystery which startled the world a month or two ago has now been explained, and turns out to be no mystery at all.

The rushing ashore, one after another in headlong procession, of nine warships valued at £2,600,000, so that all were totally wrecked, was an event of such astounding incredibility that at first people thought there was some mistake, and that it could not be true.

But later reports showed that it was only too true, and photographs of the nine destroyers breaking up in all sorts of positions at Honda Point, California, seemed like a scene out of Dante's Inferno. It was as though some angry giant had taken up these vessels and hurled them in a heap on the rocks.

A Mystery Explained

So mysterious was the affair that at once all kinds of explanations were suggested to account for it. The compass bearings were false, it was said, the wireless had gone wrong, and many other scientific possibilities were mentioned.

Now the Court of Inquiry into the disaster has announced its findings, and these show that the mystery was no mystery. The loss was caused by bad judgment and faulty navigation on the part of three officers in the leading boat, and by the commanders of the other ships following their leader, supposing that he was going right.

The report says that while it is true that the division commanders were following the leader and could not slow down, nor sound, nor, without permission, ask for compass bearings, "the fact remains that they did too blindly follow the judgment of the squadron commander and did not check, on their own initiative, the actual position of their own units."

When Nelson Disobeyed

Answering the question: Should the division and destroyer commanders blindly follow the squadron leader? the Court says: "This is no doubt true when the leader is right. A departure from a policy, plan, or even strategic conception is rarely permissible, but in tactical execution much latitude must be allowed to the subordinate."

"Nothing can replace sound common-sense on the part of a subordinate," continues the report; and it goes on to say, "Had Nelson at Cape St. Vincent blindly followed his leader, John Jervis would not have won the victory he did; and had Nelson obeyed Parker, Copenhagen would not have been the monument to the British Navy it is."

These references are to the two instances in his career where Nelson, believing his superior officer to be wrong, deliberately disobeyed the orders given to him.

Need for Constant Vigilance

The American report declares that a "sound navigator never trusts entirely to the obvious." The price of good navigation is constant vigilance.

This strange incident off the Californian coast is not unique in naval history, for Dampier tells of a similar incident that happened in 1682 on the island of Aves, in the Caribbean Sea, where a French fleet was lost in an almost identical manner.

"The Count d'Estrees," says Dampier, "lost his fleet here in this manner. Coming from the Eastward, he fell in on the back of the Riff, and fired guns to give warning to the rest of his fleet. But they, supposing their Admiral was engaged with enemies, hoisted up their topsails and crowded all the sails they could make, and ran full sail ashore after him, all within half a mile of each other."

How strangely, indeed, history repeats itself!

Picture on page 12

BOOKS OF JOY AND HAPPINESS

Christmas Fun for Little People

THREE FAMOUS ANNUALS

It is difficult to think of a Christmas gift that will bring greater joy to a child's heart than a big picture-book full of stories, full of fairy tales, full of jokes and riddles, bubbling over with laughter and fun. A book is a gift that lasts; children read it again and again, long after more fragile toys are broken and cast away.

Every Christmas sees its crop of Christmas Annuals, and those published this year are brighter and better than any Christmas before. Three of the finest of them can be bought for 3s. 6d. each—a very low price for a lasting joy. For a little brother or sister they make a perfect present.

The Rainbow Annual

This book deals almost entirely in picture and story with the merry pranks of the world-famous Tiger Tim and the popular Bruin Boys. They are surely the most popular characters ever invented for the delight of youngsters, and their games, tricks, and pranks lack nothing this year in novelty or vivacity. The Rainbow Annual is crammed full of pictures, and there are several plates and many pages in colour.

Bubbles Annual

Bubbles is one of the most popular of the many coloured weekly papers issued for children, and all the cream of fun in that paper is concentrated in this newly-published Bubbles Annual—the first of a long line of yearly issues. It contains many fairy stories, many of its pictures are gaily coloured, and there are in plenty puzzles and jokes, riddles and games to play before bed-time.

Chicks' Own Annual

This is an annual which strikes a new note. It is definitely intended for very small children just learning to read. It has an extra large page, and is printed in very big, bold type with all the long words divided into syllables so as to be easy to read. It contains a large number of pictures in colour, and many in outline for the children to paint. It is certain to be popular not only with the youngsters themselves, but with those who have to guide them through their first steps in reading.

All these annuals are stoutly bound with cloth backs and stiff, coloured covers. They are made for hard wear, and there is no doubt they will get it from the happy children who get hold of them. They are on sale everywhere at 3s. 6d. each.

JAPAN'S SURPRISE

Lesson of the Earthquake

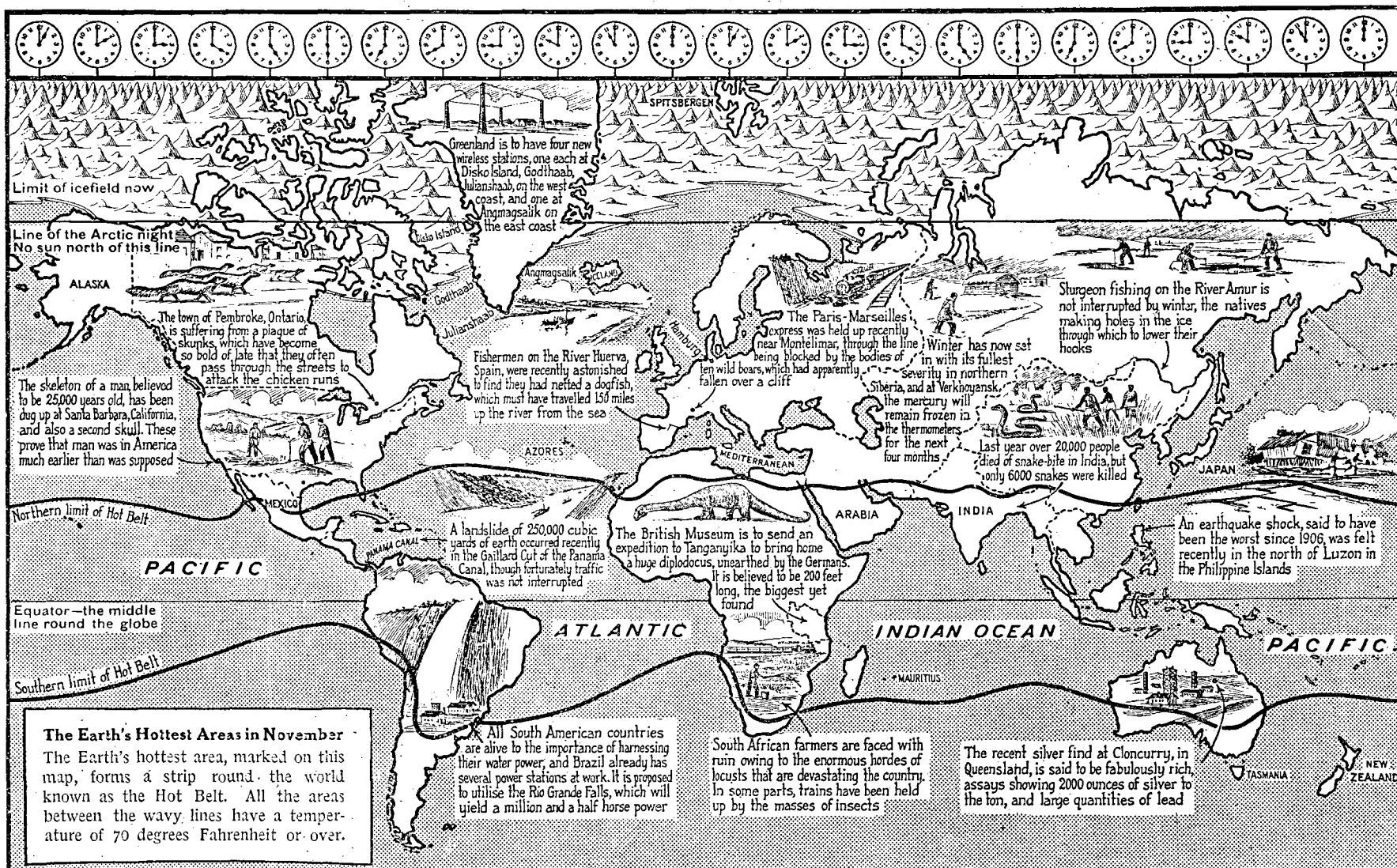
Japan has learned a surprising lesson from the terrible earthquake.

When she began to put up tall European buildings of steel and concrete, there were many who prophesied that this was a huge mistake. The only type of building suitable for Japan, they said, was the light structure of wood, paper, and plaster.

But what really happened when the earthquake came? On the whole, the big buildings of steel and concrete came through the ordeal with very little damage. They mostly proved fireproof and earthquake-proof, and in many of them "business as usual" was able to proceed, while all around in districts given up to the old style of Japanese building disaster and ruin reigned.

The new cities of Tokio and Yokohama that are to rise on the ruins of the old will, therefore, have many large ferro-concrete buildings.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



500 YEARS BEFORE CHRIST

British Museum Has a New Treasure

By Our Art Correspondent

A war memorial over 2000 years old has been added to our treasures in the British Museum.

It is in the form of a tablet set up in Athens in memory of the men of Argos, a town in Southern Greece, who were killed while the Greeks were at war with Persia in the fifth century before Christ.

The Greeks were always generous in their honours. Although their victories were largely due to the judgment and alertness of Athenian generals, the State never forgot the men who fought.

This tablet from an Athenian monument, together with a small fragment of the Parthenon frieze, were found about 200 years ago in a village in Essex, and so far we can only guess how they got there—most probably being brought by a sailor who had been adventuring in the Mediterranean. Be that as it may, both the marbles have now become public property.

To the Museum collections have also been added a vase of Graeco-Roman times, a dish from a remote province in Asia Minor, and a rather wonderful Roman amber jug, which has been kept so long in its wooden case that the wood has shrunk in on the jug so that the jug cannot now be removed.

THE WONDERFUL CAR

A Complete Travelling Home

A wonderful touring car has just been completed for a wealthy American. It has armchairs which can be converted into beds at night, a kitchen with oil stoves, a refrigerator, cupboards, and even a wireless set.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Andaman	• • •	An-dah-man
Hanseatic	• • •	Han-se-at-ik
Oklahoma	• • •	Ohk-lah-o-mah
Parthenon	• • •	Par-the-non

THE THIRD-CLASS TRAVELLER

A Better Carriage for Him

Everyone who travels frequently by rail will be glad to hear that something is being done at last to increase the comfort of the third-class passenger.

The London, Midland, and Scottish line is leading the way by introducing a type of carriage which somewhat resembles a Pullman car.

In these new carriages the corridor is down the centre instead of at the sides, and the seats are arranged two by two on either side of the gangway. Between each pair of seats is a table, and over each table is a reading-lamp. Each carriage can seat 56 people.

Another improvement is that in the middle of the new carriages there are sliding doors, which divide them into smoking and non-smoking compartments. There are vestibules at both ends for heavy luggage.

BIRMINGHAM CHILDREN TO BROADCAST

A Wireless Circle

The Birmingham Broadcasting Station has a Children's Circle with over 5000 members, and now children's concerts are to be given every Saturday afternoon by members of the Circle.

Nothing of the kind has been done from the other stations, and it is hoped that the idea will spread.

Mr. Joseph Lewis, the musical director, hopes to secure the cooperation of teachers, for he believes that wireless can be made to do wonders for children.

The Birmingham station is fortunate indeed in having a man of vision for its musical director.

LED BY A BIRD

Odd Experience at the Cape

The C.N. has previously given an account of how, in South Africa, the honey bird leads people to the nests of the wild bee. Here is another account by a young reader who has been in the country nine months.

Walking with a Dutchman on the bank of a river in the Cape Province, I asked "What is that bird making such a queer noise?"

"That is the honey bird," he said, "and if we follow it it will take us to a bees' nest."

"Then let us follow it," I said.

We crossed the shallow river, and my companion began to whistle softly. The bird answered, and then flew about twenty yards farther to another tree. We walked up to the tree and the Dutchman whistled again. The bird answered and flew on again. This was repeated time after time. Then the bird seemed to get excited, and flew round and round, settling on a tree where there was a bees' nest. It changed its note when it got near the nest.

I am told the bird will sometimes conduct people as far as three miles to a nest.

Apparently they rely on the generosity of the people who take the honey from the nest. They leave some of the honey outside the nest for the bird. If you go away, and then watch, you will see the bird fly down and eat the honey.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

6 Chippendale mahogany chairs	£273
A Chinese carpet	£157
A silver potato ring	£113
Two etchings by Whistler	£89
Baxter print of Edmund Burke	£44
A Japanese lacquer tray	£36
An 18th-century dower chest	£31
A French watch in a faceted crystal case, given by Peter the Great to his mother, realised	£51.

ELECTRIC SHIP

A Vessel with Many New Features

FIRST OF ITS KIND

A wonderful ship ran through her trials last month. It is the first ship to be driven entirely by oil and electricity.

Quite a small vessel of the kind was built in this country before the war, but the La Playa, and her two sister ships which are nearing completion, will be the first large ocean steamers driven by Diesel-oil engines and electricity.

Many large vessels are today driven directly by oil engines, but one drawback in coupling the propeller shaft directly to the engines is that the engines must run very slowly, the propeller speed being about 70 to 80 revolutions a minute as a rule. To run oil engines at this slow speed reduces their efficiency.

A further difficulty in the direct-coupled engine is the control of speed. The oil engines, of which there are four in the La Playa, are used to drive dynamos, and the current of the dynamo in turn drives a huge electric motor placed in the stern of the ship and coupled up with the propeller. If the ship is driven slowly only two, or perhaps three, of the oil engines would be run, so that the power of the electric motor can be easily reduced. If the ship is to be driven astern the motor can be instantly reversed, whereas it is a great strain on big oil engines to be stopped and reversed.

To engineers, in fact, the La Playa is bristling with points of novelty, and the whole electrical world is watching with keen interest the development of the Diesel-Electric ship, as she is called, and of the sister vessels now building at Cammell Laird's Birkenhead yard.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

NOVEMBER 24 1923

From Birkenhead to Galilee

WE do not count Lord Birkenhead among the thinkers of our time, but his speeches are printed in the papers; and as he has again declared his faith that Selfishness is the greatest thing in the world we beg leave again to say a word or two about it.

Lord Birkenhead believes that Christ did not mean what He said; we believe that Christ meant every word He said. Lord Birkenhead believes that human nature has never changed; we believe it is always changing. Lord Birkenhead believes that war pays nations; we believe what we see with our own eyes. Lord Birkenhead believes that the future will not be different from the past; we believe that nothing could be more different than past and future always are.

There are some differences between us, clearly, and we rejoice to feel that the gospel of selfishness according to Lord Birkenhead will not be nearly so beloved in the hundreds of thousands of homes to which this paper goes as is the gospel of faith and hope and charity according to Jesus.

The world offers glittering prizes to those who have sharp swords, we are told. Look at them: the Austrian Empire broken to bits; Germany in ruin and despair; Russia in her agony; markets stagnant; millions starving; fleets rotting in the harbours; two million men walking through Britain with no work to do. Glittering prizes truly!

Human nature does not change, we are told. Has it not changed since English bishops sat watching Joan of Arc burn alive, since English judges hanged a woman for stealing a few pence, since even Shakespeare and Milton were unmoved by the torture of poor old men for causing storms at sea? The mind that thinks we have not changed since then seems hardly entitled to be called a thinking instrument.

The future will not be different from the past, we are told. Lord Birkenhead has surely not forgotten already that, as evolution has made the enemy of the flock into the guardian of the fold, so evolution has made the savage into a civilised man and set up Law where Barbarism reigned.

We understand the cleverness of a lawyer speaking to his brief, but for us the Sermon on the Mount is not a scrap of paper yet. When words lightly spoken have passed into oblivion the hearts of men will still be moved, the lives of men will still be led, the destinies of nations will ultimately still be ruled by the Word that came from Galilee.

The applause of an hour is Lord Birkenhead's; we should not care to pay for it with the oblivion of eternity. A. M.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Mr. Edison to Boys

We take this note from something Mr. Edison has just been saying in America.

I HAD much less trouble getting good men 40 years ago than I have today. The men of today seem to lack imagination. I have examined 1800 men for positions in the last two years. I took 80, and 35 have lasted.

It seems, somehow, that in the modern system of education the average boy's brain stops somewhere. I find that unless a boy has become interested in some subject before 14 he never masters anything, but is content to be led or driven.

The Man Who Gave Up Singing

A fable from a slave of the past for some rulers of today.

A MERRY cobbler used to sing at his work from early morning till late at night.

Close by lived a rich man, who for a long time wondered how he could stop the singing, and at last hit on a plan. He asked the cobbler how much he earned a year.

"Oh," said the cobbler, "not more than 50 crowns. But I am quite happy."

"Very well," replied the rich man, "here is a little present for you." And he handed over a bag containing a hundred crowns.

The cobbler was almost beside himself with delight. All the rest of that day he was wondering what he should do with so much money; and then he began to fear he might lose it, and his alarm became so great that he no longer sang at his work, but became one of the most miserable of men.

Prosperity does not always bring Security.

The Ugly Bit of Westminster

IT seems that it is not a little economy of money but a little economy of wisdom that is responsible for the ugliest spot of the most beautiful piece of London.

Several of our good friends the Methodists call our attention to the fact that the delay in finishing the front of the Central Hall is because the completion of the plans is objected to by Westminster Hospital across the road, presumably on account of some interference with light.

That, if it is so, is surely an economy of wisdom, for a point of such importance should have been settled before the building was put up. If it cannot be settled now, the ugly bricks that spoil the Central Hall; and spoil also the beauty of Westminster, should be faced with stone until those responsible can agree. There is no reason why all London should look upon an ugly thing, as it has done for half a generation, because something was overlooked in the plans.

We hope our Wesleyan friends and the hospital will come together and remove the blot on this fair scene in which both have so great a share.

When

A CORRESPONDENT would like to know when the Millennium will arrive. *When reform begins where charity does.*

Prayer for a Cheerful Heart

LORD, make my heart a place where angels sing,
For surely thoughts low-breathed by Thee
Are angels gliding near on noiseless wing,
And where a home they see
Swept clean, and garnished with adoring joy,
They enter in and dwell. JOHN KEBLE

Tip-Cat

GERMANY is, we are told, on edge. And afraid Europe will throw her over.

A SCIENTIST has taken a photograph of a voice. He must have caught a politician replying in the negative.

THE dentist who finds most public schoolboys have a mouthful of stopped teeth should see them at meal-times.



PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW.

If a joiner can always make both ends meet

THE horse has had its day. But many people still have nightmares.

A PHYSICIAN advises us to sing at our work. Many of us already make a song about it.

A BIRTHDAY, according to a schoolmaster, is no cause for a holiday. The birthdays of some folk are quite the contrary.

TRAINS are longer than they used to be. But shorter on the journey.

WE have the keys of the wealth of the world in our pockets. But who will find the keyhole?

A Happy Christmas for Aunt Hannah

MR. HARVEY has reached America on his return from London, where he leaves behind the memory of a pleasant ambassadorship.

He has made a good impression on the other side by his explanation of his resignation. Asked why he gave up such a post as American Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, Mr. Harvey replied that the chief reason was that "there is nobody in London who can bake turkey like Aunt Hannah."

We are sorry, but we send our love to Aunt Hannah and wish her a happy Christmas.

The Way to Peace

By President Coolidge

If there is to be Peace on Earth it will be because there is Justice on Earth.

Hearts of Acorn

By the Country Girl

WE called on Mrs. Thingummy for the third time, and learnt at last that the letter had come.

The letter? Well, Mrs. Thingummy's eldest boy is an apprentice in the merchant service, making his first voyage, and his vessel was bound for Hong Kong; of course, there was only one letter that mattered to Mr. and Mrs. Thingummy. After seven weeks it came; Jack was all right. The whole of that little east-coast town was glad to know it.

"But it's terrible having them at sea," said Mrs. Thingummy. "I did my best to stop him, and I've tried to make his father give it up. It seems in the blood. Even my youngest, Dickie, who's only just five, is as crazy as the others. He was always toddling off to the quay. A few months ago I missed him altogether. Of course, I went to the harbour and asked old Limpett if he'd seen my boy. 'Yes,' he said, 'he took a boat and went up the river about an hour ago.' 'Oh, the bridge! Oh, the viaduct! Oh, the old wreck!' I cried. 'Do go and fetch him!' 'Not me!' said Limpett. 'The boy's as safe as I am in a boat.' And just then in comes Dickie as right as rain."

The Hero is Roused

The proverb says Speak of an angel and you hear his wings. There was a clatter of hobnails, and Dick hurried himself into the room, dressed in corduroys, fisherman's jersey, and mud. At sight of a strange visitor he became abashed, and utterly silent. In vain I tried him with:

"Do you like toffee, Dick? Aren't you glad Jack's safe? Have you been to the circus?"

All heroes lose their lion courage in Society. But at last I chanced on a remark that roused his blood:

"I never heard of a little boy who could row a boat when he was five!"

Then, stung to the quick, he lifted his head and cried indignantly:

"I could row when I was four!"

Hearts of oak and acorn! Is it any wonder that Britannia rules the waves?

Pretending

From Enid Blyton's poetry book "Red Fairies." (Saville & Co. 3s. 6d.)

I'VE got a book of history that tells of queens and kings, Of crowns and thrones and battles, and all kinds of thrilling things; And every day when I get up I choose who I will be, And all the day I'm someone else, and hardly ever me.

ONCE was William Shakespeare, and I wrote a lovely play, It took me all the morning—I had such a lot to say; And then I've been Napoleon, and Nelson, too, of course, But mostly I'm Sir Galahad, and ride a prancing horse.

AND every night at eight o'clock when I am safe in bed, I have to stop pretending things and be myself instead, 'Cos Mummy always comes to see if I am still awake, And says she wants to cuddle me—not Galahad or Drake.

THE MONGOLIA EXPLORERS HOW THEY FOUND THE GIANT SKULL

Hundreds of Fragments of a Great Rhinoceros ROMANCE OF DISCOVERY

The fossil remains of a wonderful monster rhinoceros were discovered not long ago in Mongolia, and the C.N. has already told how 360 fragments of its gigantic skull, as big as the bodies of four men, were pieced together in the New York Museum of Natural History.

Such a discovery was a great romance of science, but the story of how the skull came to be discovered and dug up is more romantic still.

A party of American scientists exploring in Mongolia were told by the natives that there were in a certain locality bones "as large as a man's body." The explorers, however, thought this was merely a native exaggeration and they took little notice of it, till one day one of their party, walking in a dry river bed, stumbled over a huge bone, which proved to be part of the foreleg of the giant rhinoceros—the baluchitherium.

An Excited Chauffeur

Search was made in all the river beds and hills round about, but no further bones could be found, and the party prepared to leave. Their Chinese chauffeur, Wang, had the car in readiness, but, becoming impatient of waiting, he strolled some distance away to do some prospecting on his own account when, in the bottom of a gully leading to a ravine, he discovered a huge bone. Full of excitement, he rushed off to find the explorers, and led them to the spot. The bone proved to be the end of the foreleg of a baluchitherium, and other parts were visible. The scientists dug away the earth, and found to their intense delight several bones, including the whole of one side of the lower jaw of the animal.

A Vivid Dream

The fossils were well preserved, and a careful search was now made in the vicinity, but without further success. The bones were therefore placed carefully in the car, and the party set off for their camp as night was coming on.

I went to sleep very late that night (says Mr. Roy Chapman Andrews, one of the explorers) with my mind full of baluchitherium, and had a vivid dream of finding the creature's skull in a canyon about 15 miles from the spot where the jaw had been discovered the day before. When I asked Granger the next morning if he was sure that all the bones had been located in the hurried search, he said, "Well, it is possible that under the spot where we found the jaw there may be a skull or other bones not yet exposed by weathering."

The Explorer Laughs

As this companion was busy packing fossils to go by the caravan to Peking, he suggested that Mr. Andrews and another of the explorers, Mr. Shackelford, should go with Wang and dig up the bottom of the gully.

On our arrival (says Mr. Andrews) I went to the top of the tiny ridge and looked down the other side. Almost instantly I saw a fragment of bone peeping out of the sand in the bottom of the wash. Its colour was unmistakable. With a yell I leaped down the steep slope. When Shackelford and Wang came round the corner on the run I was on my knees, scratching like a

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Scarborough's tramways have been stopped after 19 years, owing to the financial failure of the company.

The Lusitania

A Commission has upheld America's claim against Germany for £4,520,000 damages through the sinking of the Lusitania.

A Lamp for an Island

A new lighthouse lamp to be set up on the Eclipse Island, near Albany, by the Australian Government has been finished at Birmingham. It has a light range of nearly 100 miles.

Secret Caves Discovered

Magnificent caves, the burial ground of Maori tribal chiefs, jealously guarded from discovery, have now been found and explored. They are said to be lighted by millions of glow-worms.

There are now half a million wireless sets in Great Britain.

A Fort Blown Up

Men carrying a box of explosives away from a fort near Genoa dropped the box and caused an explosion which blew up the fort and flung parts of it into the sea two miles away.

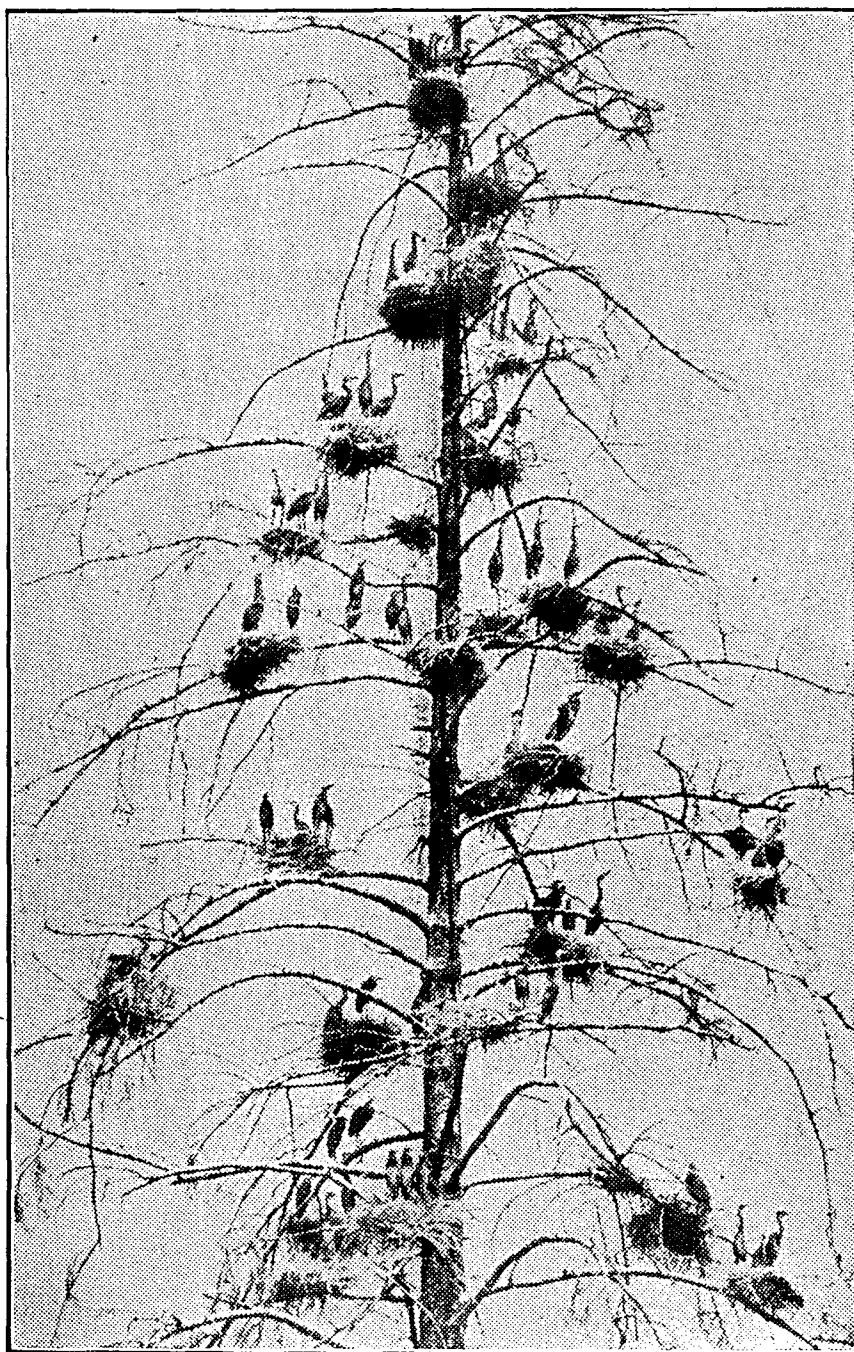
Promotion for the Andamans

The Andaman Islands, in the Indian Ocean, are no longer adding to their 10,000 Indian convicts, but are being made a place of settlement for Anglo-Indian ex-service men.

Nine Days Up a Tree

A Persian cat spent nine days on a high tree at Twickenham, afraid to come down. All efforts to rescue it having failed, the fire brigade dislodged it unhurt by using a hosepipe.

THE HERONS WATCH THE CARS GO BY



This remarkable heronry is within sight and sound of a busy motor road in Stanley Park, Vancouver, where thousands of cars pass to and fro every day. The picture was taken from a tree close by. See page 8

Continued from the previous column

terrier. Already a chunk of bone had been unearthed and other fragments were visible in the sand. They were beautifully fossilised and so hard that we had no fear of breaking them. Laughing in hysterical excitement, we made the sand fly as we took out piece after piece of bone.

Suddenly my fingers struck a huge block. Shackelford followed it down and found the other end; then he produced a tooth. My dream had come true! We had discovered the skull of a baluchitherium.

The skull was carefully dug out and carried up the slope to the car, and, as Mr. Andrews says, no new-born babe was ever handled with more loving care than this discovery.

At six o'clock, while the men were having tea, we arrived in camp and burst into the tent, shouting like children. Granger had made so many interesting discoveries in his palaeontological career that he is not easily stirred, but our story brought him up standing. Then silently and carefully he inspected the bones in the car.

Even though the explorers had realised that the baluchitherium was a colossal beast, the size of the bones left them astounded. They went back to the gully, and for the next four days dug and searched and succeeded in obtaining other fragments. These, with what had already been found, were carefully packed and sent off by caravan to Peking on their way to New York.

INDIA AT THE POLLS

ELECTION TIME FOR MANY MILLIONS

Vast Eastern Empire Moving Forward Towards Democracy

THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCILS

By a Political Correspondent

November is election time in India. This month the Legislative Councils created by the great Reform Act of 1919 are to be re-elected.

There are nine of them; one for each of the large provinces, and one for all India. The All-India Assembly sits at Delhi in the cold weather, and at the summer capital, Simla, during the hot season.

The Councils are the new parliaments of India. They are conducted almost exactly according to the rules of the House of Commons, and each of them has a President, or Speaker, who at present in most cases is an Englishman. They should be considered as the first step towards the fulfilment of the pledge, given to the Indian people by the British Government in 1917 that the aim of our policy is a fully self-governed India under the British Crown.

Outvoting the Government

Elections on the European plan were almost unknown in India until a few years ago. When the Councils were started it was decided that the majority of the members should be elected. The remainder are chosen by the Government and by certain important public bodies—such as the British Chambers of Commerce in the large cities. In all the Councils the official members are in a minority, so that the elected members can out-vote the Government. They often do; and when that happens in connection with an important matter of policy the Viceroy has to decide whether he will accept the decision of the majority or act upon his own judgment. A few months ago the present Viceroy, Lord Reading, used his power to include the salt tax in the Budget, though the Indian members had voted strongly against it.

A Remarkable Leader

India has its political parties, which run candidates for the Councils in ways that are similar to ours. The great division today is between those Indians who believe that the Councils should be accepted and made successful, and the others who say that India should work out its own kind of Home Rule.

One Indian leader, above all others, has been the cause of this division. He is M. K. Gandhi, the most remarkable Indian now living.

Four years ago Mr. Gandhi urged his followers not to have anything more to do with the British Government. India, he said, must gain Swaraj (own rule), and the quickest way to get it was by what he called Non-Cooperation. What he meant by this was that the Indian people should not help the Government at all, and should not have anything to do with English habits of living. He wanted his followers to have their children taught in the Indian way, to make their own clothes instead of buying English stuff, and not to vote in any election.

Division of Opinion

Mr. Gandhi gained millions of followers, and is deeply admired and revered all over India. But he is now in prison on account of the serious disturbances which arose out of his movement. His followers are split into two groups.

The real Non-Cooperators are keeping entirely out of the elections, and the contest at the polls is taking place between the two political parties. The first, called Swarajist, wants to use its position in the Councils so as to force Home Rule at once. The other, called Liberal or Constitutional, believes in making the very most of the Councils, and in getting them improved and reformed as the Indian members gain more power over the affairs of their country.

ARTISTS OF OLD ENGLAND

BEAUTIFUL THINGS THEY MADE

A Fine Little Exhibition at Burlington House

THE "ENGLISH PRIMITIVES"

By Our Art Correspondent

An exhibition of early art, called English Primitives, is being held till the end of November at Burlington House, and every C.N. London reader who can afford a shilling should go to see it. It is a wonderful exhibition, for it can tell us the history of our art from the earliest times to the fifteenth century.

In studying it we must try to imagine that we are living in England in the centuries before printing was invented, when very few people could read or write save priests and monks.

If we had gone to church in those days we should have had no book; we should have listened to the priest, and while we were listening our eyes would go round and round the church looking at the pictures painted on the walls; at the carvings in alabaster and wood, and these would have been our Bible, our sacred story-book.

Pages of Gold

If we had been able to peep over the shoulder of a great lord or lady in church who could read, we should have seen them looking at a book called a missal, or psalter, or perhaps a book of hours. These volumes were made of parchment or vellum, written in Latin most beautifully by hand, word after word, page after page, by monks who spent their lives copying the words from the big book in the monastery and making lovely pictures in the pages.

There are several books of this kind in the exhibition, called illuminated manuscripts because the monks illuminated the pages in gold and fair colours; and one of them belonged to Elizabeth of York, Queen of Henry the Seventh. It happened that one day when Elizabeth had her book open at a beautiful picture she took her quill pen and wrote on it, "Elysabeth Ye Quene." The faint faded letters are legible after 500 years.

A Sad Thing Happens

During the centuries that these books were being made, but after the Reformation, a very sad thing happened. The painted wooden panels were hewn down and burned, pictures painted on the walls were whitewashed over, statues and carvings demolished, literally by the hundred. Some people who wanted to make money stole the carvings and "images" and took them in boat-loads across to France, and sold them in the market-place at Rouen and other towns.

Thus the art that was inspired by religion was killed by religion. All the unhappy trouble is long since past, and time has healed many scars. So far as our art is concerned, some fragments have been rescued, and of these a number are shown in this exhibition.

Simple and Noble

It is quite necessary, in looking at the religious pictures, to remember that the artists were doing simple, noble work, and not trying to be clever. If they wanted to paint a man who was unhappy, they did not twist his body or make him strike an attitude; they just painted him with his head hanging down and his arms hanging down, or perhaps hands clasped, looking sorry.

These artists had childlike, devout minds, and they drew pictures which seemed to them most like the people they were thinking of, just as we do before we have learned to draw.

This is a very special exhibition; but we can always have glimpses of some of the kinds of work in it at the South Kensington and British Museums.

LONDON'S COUNTRY

GREAT CITY AND ITS GARDENS

What Happens when the Park Beds Go to Sleep

RESTING TIME FOR PLANTS

To those who do not think deeply it is always sad to see the great change which comes over the public parks and gardens in the autumn. The borders, which all the summer blazed with colour and formed fountains of perfume, are bare of bloom, and the damp earth under London skies looks dismal.

But there is no cause for mourning. We do not sorrow for a hibernating hedgehog or tortoise, or think it dismal that the merry squirrel should sleep for weeks at a time, inert in his nest. The borders of our parks and gardens are entering their winter sleep, and so are many of the plants which bloomed there and will bloom afresh in their old situation next summer.

Of the growths whose life is for but one season the seed is taken, and new plants raised in the park greenhouses.

Hardy plants, which come up year after year in the same place, sleep. Their life-fluid is down in the roots, and they are as still and peaceful as the oaks and chestnuts, which themselves are hibernating. Bulbs and tubers are lifted and put away in dry, dark places, where they rest and ripen against the coming of spring, when they will come forth afresh to gladden us again.

The Nurseries of the Plants

But there are public gardens that have no glasshouses in which to nurse their botanical children for the winter; what of them?

Each place has its mother. The greater parks provide for the lesser gardens. Those lovely borders, for instance, which brighten the Thames Embankment and the little park at Kennington have Dulwich Park for their mother. This park, so famous for its rhododendrons, nurses the plants which keep the Thames Embankment beautiful and give a touch of sweetness to noisy, crowded Kennington.

The soil needs rest, like the plants, and winter is its holiday. When the plants are removed the borders are dug over and the soil left to be enriched by the air. There it lies for months, taking food out of the atmosphere.

The sad-looking borders are really undergoing a rest-cure, and after their long sleep they will be ready again to support a teeming population for next year's sun to shine on.

Winter in the parks is, therefore, not only a time of rest, but a time of quiet preparation, a symbol of life and its Hereafter.

A REMARKABLE HERONRY

Birds Look Down on the Motor Traffic

Heronry are generally shy birds and like to make their nests far from the haunts of men. There are some herons at Vancouver, in British Columbia, however, which are quite an exception.

They have selected a big tree for their heronry, and in this one tree have built 27 nests. The nests are so arranged that none is immediately above another.

Of course the birds are not interfered with, as their tree is in Stanley Park, a well-cared-for retreat; but a great highway passes immediately below, with thousands of motor-cars rushing by every day. The birds look down upon them, but do not seem to mind.

A photograph of this remarkable heronry has been taken by a young ornithologist, who climbed high up in an adjoining tree. His picture is reproduced on page 7.

A MAN AND HIS DUMB FRIENDS

Do Animals Tell Each Other Things?

FACTS FROM AN ANIMAL SANCTUARY

On Hardy Island, off the coast of British Columbia, lives a man who, by gaining the confidence of wild animals, has made the place a sanctuary where many of them are his friends.

On the island, when he went there ten years ago, was a colony of wild deer, and a few ducks and geese frequented the ponds. These he determined should be his friends, and soon he succeeded in winning their confidence. When the time for migrating came they left

Have We Lived Before?

And Shall We Live Again?

THROUGH all the ages of history men have asked these questions, and still they are the most interesting of all the questions which man addresses to the universe. Only a very little imagination is necessary to reveal the infinite wonder and romance that lie behind them.

BUT can we answer these questions with any more assurance than that with which our fathers tried to answer them in times long past? Do we *know* any more than they did of these vital things? Faith lifts up our hearts, but are our minds more sure?

These words are from a striking article which appears in the new number of My Magazine, which now lies side by side with the C.N. on the bookstall.

him; but in due course they returned, and apparently they told other geese and ducks of the man, for many more came back with them, and now his bird friends are numbered in thousands.

It required more patience to overcome the shyness and suspicion of the wild deer, but gradually he succeeded, until about fifty deer made the island their home and its occupier their friend. It seems as if the deer, like the birds, told their friends that this man was not only harmless but kind, for many deer cross from a larger neighbouring island and make Hardy Island their breeding place.

Deer Become Tame

Now dozens of deer are all about the house as if they were tame, some sleeping on the very doorstep. Bowls of food are put out on tables round the house, and deer that would dash away wildly at the sight or scent of other men come here and will pick apples out of this man's pockets. If a stranger approaches when their friend is not near, they will rush into the forest, though some of the deer will tolerate strangers with whom their human friend is friendly.

On the neighbouring island and the mainland the deer are hunted, but never on Hardy Island, and they know it. Many of the deer make off as soon as the shooting season is near, but others trust to the guardianship of their friend's presence, and do not trust in vain.

Some of the more timid will only come to the house by night for hospitality, but they are quite tame with the owner of the island, and will knock at the door to attract his attention. Thus the shyest of all creatures are led into complete trustfulness by patient kindness.

PRICES STEADIER

35s. WORTH A PRE-WAR £

Very Little Change Since the Beginning of Last Year

CONFIDENCE AND COSTS

By Our Economic Correspondent

Retail prices of the food and goods we buy in everyday life have been very steady this year. They are still much higher than before the war, but they are very much lower than in 1920 and 1921.

During the whole of this year, according to the careful inquiries of our Ministry of Labour, it has cost a working-class family about 35s. to buy the things that they could buy in 1914 for only a sovereign.

In the summer prices fell a little more, but since then they have risen again, and they are now very much what they were at the beginning of the year, and a little lower than in the summer of 1922.

The Real Worth of Money

Wholesale prices—the prices, that is, of goods dealt in by big merchants—have been very steady now for nearly two years. In fact, since the beginning of 1922 there has been little change.

This matter of prices is important to us all, for the worth of money is not what is stamped or printed on it, but *what it will buy at the shops*. If we have 35s. in our pockets today, it will only buy what 20s. bought in the summer of 1914; but it will buy as much as 55s. bought in the autumn of 1920. These great changes are sufficient to show us the importance of studying prices.

Will prices in the near future go up or down? That is a very difficult question to answer, and many business men would give much to be able to answer it with certainty.

The best answer we can give is that, taking things as a whole, prices are not likely to fall to any considerable extent, and a rise is quite possible.

Supply and Demand

Price, of course, varies with demand and supply. If the demand for a certain thing in the market exceeds supply the price goes up. If the supply of a thing exceeds the demand for it, the price goes down.

At the present time both demand and supply are restricted by the general feeling of uncertainty which exists in the world as a result of the war. There is general poverty, and so the demand for things is less than before the war. This would mean lower prices but for the fact that supplies have fallen off through lack of confidence and enterprise.

Thus, if we take the case of sugar, there has been great falling off in beet sugar output in Europe, and so the price of sugar is very much greater than it used to be. If Europe attained to peace and confidence again, the supply of our sugar would increase; but so also would the demand, and while the price of sugar would probably fall, it would not fall to the old low pre-war level.

Need of Increased Confidence

As to goods generally, the renewal of confidence throughout the world would produce better supplies; but it would also lead to a greatly increased demand, and it is by no means certain, therefore, that prices would be lower.

But if the world returned to universal peace and confidence, the increased prosperity which would go with it would give better employment and wages to our teeming millions, and though prices might not be lower, and even though they might be somewhat higher, they could be borne cheerfully by a prosperous people.

THE WEEK IN GEOGRAPHY

HAMBURG

A PROUD CITY THAT HAS FALLEN

Hamburg, which a year ago seemed to have recovered largely from the terrible effects of the war, and, if not exactly in the full tide of prosperity was well on the way to it, is today a stricken city.

It is suffering perhaps more than any other city in Germany from the troubles that have overtaken the once mighty empire, and today its streets seem empty, its workshops silent, its shops deserted.

Shipping, which had begun to return to the port, is leaving it and going elsewhere, and already some of the important lines have withdrawn their services.

What a terrible experience it must be for this once proud city! Founded by Charlemagne in 808, Hamburg struggled for three centuries or more to resist marauding pirates from Denmark and the Slav States, and then, in 1241, it joined with Lübeck in laying the foundations of what became the great and powerful Hanseatic League, consummated in 1282 and gradually joined by other cities and towns until it had all the power of a great empire.

Population Dwindles to Half

In the Napoleonic Wars Hamburg suffered severely, being besieged and occupied by the French, and in 1810 was added to Napoleon's empire. In the years between 1806 and 1814 its population of 110,000 dwindled to 55,000.

But with the fall of Napoleon Hamburg's prosperity revived. It joined the German Confederation as a free city, and later, on the establishment of the German Empire, became one of the States of the Empire, the area of the State of Hamburg being 158 square miles.

It rapidly grew in importance, wealth, and prestige, and except for a set-back in 1842, when a third of the city was destroyed by fire, and property to the value of over two million pounds was lost, its story was one of continuous progress right down to 1914.

Its docks were among the finest in Europe, and it was the principal seaport of Germany and the busiest commercial city on the continent.

Enormous Docks and Granaries

The docks and harbours are now of enormous extent; huge granaries and emigrant sheds indicate the vast volume of its former trade, and its shipbuilding has rivalled that of the Tyne and the Clyde. The shipping that entered and cleared the port was well over 21 million tons a year, and there was adequate and well-paid work for over a million inhabitants. Imports and exports amounted to about £300,000,000.

But the war completely paralysed the port's trade. Dependent as it was on shipping, and exports and imports, when these were cut off by the blockade so efficiently maintained by the British Grand Fleet, the city became but a ghost of its former self.

Yet it recovered amazingly a year or two after the Armistice; but now the troubles of Germany with the difficulties of exchange and the stagnation of trade have brought it low again.

Life Blood of a Port

Hamburg is really a little republic of Germany. It is governed by a House of Burgesses consisting of 160 members, to which an executive of 18 members is responsible. The present population is 1,050,000, but unless trade revives it is difficult to see how the city can support so many inhabitants.

Trade is the very life blood of a port like Hamburg, and without it she must die. During the war, of course, naval activities largely made up for the loss of commerce, but now without the constant coming and going of the ships of the world, carrying goods in and out of the empire, there is nothing to provide a living for a million people. Manufactures have never been the main source of the city's wealth.

AN ASTONISHING PIER

Vancouver's Enormous Development

MOST STRIKING RESULT OF THE PANAMA CANAL

The first step in making Vancouver, in British Columbia, one of the biggest ports in the world, has now been completed.

The Minister of Marine and Fisheries the other day opened the new Ballantyne Pier, which is one of the largest and best equipped on the American continent, and is superior to any other on the Pacific Coast.

It is 1200 feet long and 350 feet wide, and is built entirely of steel and concrete. There is more than a mile and a half of railway track on it, and the shed floor area covers over nine acres. Five ocean-going liners of the largest size can be loaded at one time at the pier, which is alongside the Dominion Government's huge grain elevator, holding over two million bushels.

In building this vast pier over six miles of concrete cylinders were used for the foundations, the cylinders being seven feet in diameter. The total cost of the structure was about a million and a quarter pounds sterling.

This development of Vancouver, said the Minister of Marine, is due entirely to the opening of the Panama Canal, which, by providing a new trade channel, created an alternative route to the Great Lake route for the shipping of grain from Western Canada.

It is one of the most striking developments that has resulted from the cutting of a sea-way through America.

A WAR PLEDGE

When to Fight and Not to Fight

The question When may Christians fight with a clear conscience? must be perplexing to vast numbers of people.

One answer that deserves careful consideration is that advocated by Mr. David A. Peat, of the Authors' Club, London, S.W.1. It has received the support of the Bishop of London, Mr. John Galsworthy, and many other well-known people, as it is expressed in this pledge:

Believing that Law must take the place of War in the settlement of international disputes, we, the undersigned, solemnly pledge ourselves to withhold service from any Government which refuses to submit the cause of the dispute to an International Court, or which refuses to accept the decision of such Court.

We will fight to defend our country in the event of an attack by another country which has been offered arbitration and which has refused it, but in no other circumstances.

Mr. Peat points out that war entered upon on these conditions would be war in defence of law before bloodshed.

SIX STOREYS ON WHEELS

Moving a 5000-ton Building

A remarkable feat has just been accomplished by a firm of building engineers in Montreal when they moved a six-storey reinforced concrete building a distance of 300 feet.

This building was an annex of a large store, and as it was in perfectly sound condition it was decided not to tear it down, but to move it diagonally across the property to another corner.

First of all the foundations were cut, and beams were inserted in the basement. On these beams were placed 1000 jacks. Slowly the building was lifted clear of the earth and moved to its destination on wheels, moving on 14 parallel rails. Once there the jacks were lowered again and the huge 5000-ton structure was soon resting on its new foundation, none the worse for its journey.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards; one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

Does a Tall Factory Chimney Remain Rigid in a High Wind?

No; it gives to the wind, and the top sometimes moves a foot as it sways.

What is the Plural of Handful?

Handfuls; it is not now a compound word, and the plural is formed in the ordinary way by adding s to the singular.

What are the Blue and Grey Igneous Rocks Used for Roadmaking?

They are granite, mostly obtained from quarries at Mount Sorrel, in Leicestershire, and basalt from Cleve Hill, in Shropshire.

Is There Black Ivory?

What is known as black ivory is ivory of a very dark colour, brown, and sometimes almost black, obtained from elephants found in the Ituri forest of the Eastern Congo.

How Do the Oyster and Mussel Increase?

They produce eggs, or ova, to the extent of over a million a season, and numbers of these are hatched out in the shell of the parent, and periodically discharged.

Is the Zuyder Zee Being Reclaimed from the Sea?

Yes; since the seventeenth century 141,000 acres have been recovered, and a great dyke now being constructed will, when finished, reclaim nearly half a million acres more.

Where is the Sun at Midnight?

It is shining overhead at midday at the Antipodes, that is at the place immediately under our feet on the other side of the world, which is roughly in the neighbourhood of New Zealand.

What is the Difference Between a Banana and a Plantain?

The plantain is longer and not so round as the banana. The very large fruits sold in the shops are generally plantains. Their flavour is less delicate than that of the banana.

What is the Origin of the Word Honeymoon?

The word means the first month after marriage, moon standing for month, and honey being a reference to the honey wine the ancient Teutons used to drink for thirty days after a wedding.

Why Do People Sneeze?

When anything gets into our nose that should not be there, a message is sent to the brain, urging it to order the necessary apparatus to breathe out violently so that the offender may be ejected.

How Many Kinds of Sandstone are There?

There are scores of varieties, and the names and descriptions of many of these are given in British and Foreign Building Stones by John Watson, published by the Cambridge University Press, which can probably be seen at a library.

Why are Christmas Presents Called Christmas Boxes?

The name originated when apprentices and others carried round at Christmas-time a wooden box with a slot in the top to receive money gifts. The collection was generally made on the day after Christmas, hence the name Boxing Day.

Who Discovered the Gases in the Air?

Daniel Rutherford discovered nitrogen in 1772, and Joseph Priestley oxygen in 1774, but it was K. W. Scheele in 1777 who first stated that there were two gases in the air. Lavoisier separated oxygen and nitrogen in the air. In 1778 Joseph Black found traces of carbon dioxide; and between 1893 and 1895 Sir William Ramsay and Lord Rayleigh discovered argon, neon, krypton, xenon, and helium in the air.

How is it Possible to Teach a Language Without Using English?

In the direct method, the teacher begins by simple actions, mentioning the foreign word as he moves, points to objects, giving their names in the language, and so on. The pupil thus learns just as an infant gradually learns its own language. Dr. Rouse, at the Perse School, Cambridge, teaches Latin in this way without using a word of English, and has obtained very successful results.

Who Invented the Kinema?

No one man invented it. The idea originated with the phenakistoscope and zoetrope, or wheel of life, in which a series of pictures, each slightly different from one another, when revolved and viewed through a slit gave an appearance of a single moving picture. The first series of instantaneous photographs of motion were taken by Edward Mungby, an Englishman, in 1872. He used 24 cameras placed side by side, and photographed a galloping horse. From these simple beginnings the kinema has developed.

HAS VENUS A MOON?

OR WAS A GHOST SEEN?

Planet Becoming Brighter as it Nears the Earth

AN INTERESTING PROBLEM

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

After sunset Venus may be seen low down in the south-west sky.

From about 4.15 till 4.45 p.m. is the best time to look for her just now, as she sets soon after 5; but in a month's time Venus will not set till past 6 o'clock, and will then be much easier to detect.

She is now coming after the Earth at 1300 miles a minute, and so evening by evening will be seen higher in the sky, and in the next few months will become brighter as she nears us.

At present Venus is far beyond the Sun and some 130 million miles away, appearing as a tiny globe of brilliant light. It is interesting to think that this is a world almost as large as our own,



Venus and her supposed moon, according to 18th century astronomers

Venus being 7700 miles in diameter, compared with the Earth's 7926. There is also much evidence to show that she is very similar to our planet, probably containing life which is not unlike that which has flourished on the Earth.

But in one respect Venus differs from our globe very considerably; she whirls her way through space alone. No moon adorns the night skies of Venus, so far as we know today, though many years ago astronomers had reasons for thinking otherwise; indeed, until the middle of the last century it was thought quite possible that Venus had a moon. Two centuries earlier, in 1645, Fontana of Naples stated that he had seen it; and later on the eminent Cassini confirmed this, asserting that on January 25, 1672, he saw "a crescent shaped, and posited like Venus, but smaller, on the western side of the planet."

Again, in 1686, he stated that he had seen the satellite of Venus to the east of her, and watched it for half an hour.

Question Not Yet Settled

On May 3, 1761, the astronomer Montaigne, who had previously doubted its existence, stated that he saw the crescent moon of Venus several times during the night. On May 7 and 10 he saw it again, and in a different position, as, of course, would be the case.

From these and other observations Monsieur Baudouin calculated that it revolved round Venus in 9 days 7 hours; and that it was about one-fourth the diameter of Venus, or nearly 2000 miles, almost as large as our Moon.

Several other famous astronomers saw this Venusian moon. Scheuten asserted that he saw a dark body near Venus during her transit across the Sun in 1761. Even Smyth, the eminent British astronomer, believed in the probability of its existence. But, nevertheless, great modern telescopes have failed to find it.

A modern explanation is that it was what astronomers know as a ghost. These are faint replicas of the star or planet that is under observation, and due to faulty telescopic adjustment. The writer has observed them occasionally in his telescopes; but the "ghost" must be always there, and other stars and planets would also show a "ghost" if the telescopes were at fault.

So the question of a Venusian satellite has never been satisfactorily cleared up, except that no one at present believes she has one.

G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the evening Venus is low in the south-west. Uranus is due south about 7.30 p.m. In the morning Saturn and Mars are in the east after 4.30 a.m.

THE ROGUE WHALE

A Thrilling Story of
Two Boys at Sea

Told by T. C. Bridges
the C.N. Storyteller

What Has Happened Before

Kit and Colin Kemp, twin brothers, and their uncle, Captain Nat Sibley, are sent to the Indian Ocean in the whaler Triton by Mr. Guy Carten. Their object is to kill the rogue whale which sank a yacht and drowned Mr. Carten's daughter.

The Triton picks up a small boat containing two unconscious men. Captain Sibley recognises one as Simon Blaskett, the mate who caused the wreck by which he lost his master's certificate.

A whale is harpooned from a boat in which Kit and Colin form part of the crew. The whale tows them out of sight of the Triton, and they are about to land on an island when hostile natives put off in canoes.

The dead whale occupies the attention of the natives, so the crew of the boat go ashore, and there they meet a white man named Chad Burton, who tells them that the natives have kept him on the island for fourteen years.

CHAPTER 16 The Brown Ghosts

At this moment the air was rent by such a deafening chorus of yells and shrieks that the boys spun round, thinking that there must be an attack by this Karum person of whom they had just been told.

"It's all right," said Chad Burton rather scornfully. "They've beached the whale. That's all. Look at 'em swarming all over it, like flies on a joint."

"A fairly high joint, too," remarked Col with a sniff of disgust.

"They'll like it all the better for that," said Chad. "The beach won't be fit to live on for a week to come."

Kit was gazing at the natives, who were clambering in dozens over the giant carcase of the whale, hacking and carving at it with every sort of tool. A light came into his eyes.

"It strikes me that this is our chance," he said in a low voice.

"How do you mean?" questioned Col eagerly.

"To slip away, and light a signal fire up the hill. They're so busy they'll never notice us. What do you say, Mr. Burton?"

"Call me Chad," said the other. "But it won't work, my lad. They've got eyes at the back of their heads, those chaps. It's true you might get away into the bush without their noticing, but they'd spot the smoke almost before it rose, and then you'd have to look out for trouble."

"But if we don't signal our people in the Triton they will never know where we are," replied Kit.

Chad Burton shrugged his gaunt shoulders.

"Try, if you've a mind to. I've told you what will happen."

"We are bound to try it," put in Mr. Crale. "As Kit says, it's our only chance to get picked up."

Chad shrugged again.

"Then go quietly. Just drift away. And when you're out of sight in the bush keep inland round to the left of the hill, and don't start your fire until you're well round the shoulder of the mountain." He grinned slyly. "But you'll never get the chance of making the fire, anyway, and if you take my advice you won't try it."

"We must try it," replied Mr. Crale firmly. "Come on, boys."

Taking Chad's advice, they scattered and strolled away. None of the natives seemed to pay any particular attention, and in a few minutes the four—for Jupe was with them—had slipped in under cover of the thick bush which bordered the beach.

"And dat's all right," said Jupe. "Dem niggers is too busy wid de

ole whale to take notice ob anything else."

It seemed that he was right, for, though they waited and listened for a minute or more, there was no sign of anyone following them. But the noise on the beach was like the chattering of a thousand sea-gulls.

Mr. Crale beckoned them on, and as Chad Burton had advised they kept well to the left. The ground rose steeply and was covered with jungle so dense that they could not see more than a few yards in any direction. The branches met overhead, cutting off the sun, and were matted with creepers, some hung with bright, purple flowers and others set with spiky thorns. Enormous butterflies of gorgeous colours hovered over the flowers, and under their feet the ground was like a wet sponge.

As they climbed higher the bush was not quite so thick, and here and there splashes of sunlight leaked through the heavy canopy of leaves. The heat was terrific, and all were soon dripping with perspiration.

At last the party rounded the shoulder of the hill, and reached more open ground.

Mr. Crale stopped. "Here's the place," he said. "Now for the fire, and be quick about it."

"All very well to talk of being quick," grumbled Col. "But there's not a bit of dry stuff anywhere."

He was right. All the wood was green and wet, and it took a long time to collect anything that would burn. At last a pile was ready, and at the bottom they put handfuls of chips which they had cut with their knives.

"I guess dat'll burn all right," said Jupe.

"Then light it," ordered Mr. Crale, curtly.

Jupe knelt down, struck a match, but before he could put the flame to the chips a dozen dusky figures came flitting, silent as so many ghosts, out of the surrounding bush.

CHAPTER 17 The Golden Necklace

It was Col who saw them first. "Watch out!" he shouted, and as he spoke one of the natives was upon him, and had flung his arms round him. Col fought like fury, but the man's naked body was greased all over, and he could get no hold on him at all. Kit was caught by two men, so was Mr. Crale, and both were downed before they had a chance. A big fellow sprang at Jupe, but the harpooner, in spite of his great size, was quick as a cat.

"No, yo' don't, nigger!" he roared, as he sprang to his feet, and with his big bare fists he gave the fellow such a crack on the side of the head that it knocked him head over heels.

But two more of them were on Jupe in a twinkling. One he tore off him as if he had been a child, and flung him at the other, knocking them both silly. But a third came behind him, caught him round the ankles and tripped him, and before he could rise two more were on top of him.

Jupe fought like a tiger, and the boys saw with horror that another of the natives, a big fellow, was brandishing a great fish spear, and plainly meant to finish Jupe with the gruesome-looking weapon. Mr. Crale saw it, too.

"Keep quiet, Jupe!" he shouted. "Keep quiet, or they'll murder you!"

Jupe was furious, but he had sense enough to lie still, and to their intense relief the big fellow lowered his spear. The natives then proceeded to tie their prisoners' hands behind them, and when they were certain that they were quite helpless they led them back to the beach.

The first person they saw there was Chad Burton.

"What did I tell you?" he said, with that curious grin on his bony face. "You didn't light any fire that I could see."

"What's the good of rubbing it in?" snapped Col quite angrily.

"What are they going to do with us now?" asked Mr. Crale of the old beach-comber.

Chad shrugged in his usual fashion.

"Naga will talk to you, I expect," he said. "I only hope he won't do anything worse than talk, but he's a queer-tempered beggar." He spoke in their own language to the natives, and they answered him. "Yes, you're for Naga all right," he told Mr. Crale, "and I'm to come along and interpret."

The chief's house was the biggest in the village. Like all native houses, it was very dark inside, and it was some moments before the boys' eyes became accustomed to the gloom and they were able to see the chief.

Naga was huge. He had three chins, and his brown arms were as thick as the boys' legs. His looks were not improved by the weird patterns tattooed in blue all over his great ugly body. Round his enormous neck was a necklace made of gold coins, and these the boys saw with amazement were newly-minted English sovereigns.

He scowled at the prisoners and snapped out something in a thick, greasy voice.

Chad Burton answered, and the two talked for some moments. Then Chad turned to Mr. Crale.

"He's in a nasty bad temper," he said. "Talks of putting you in the Place of Sacrifice, which means that you'll be left tied up to starve in an old ruined temple up the hill."

Mr. Crale answered boldly.

"Tell him that if he tries any tricks of that sort our ship will come and smash his village to smithereens."

Chad shook his head.

"Not a bit of use threatening him. No ship ever comes in here, and he knows it. Look here, Mr. Crale, your only chance is to sing small. I've told him of your bomb-gun, and if I let him think you'll help him against his pet enemy, Karum, you will be all right."

"Oh, let him think anything he likes," returned Mr. Crale curtly, "so long as you don't make any promises on our behalf."

Chad grinned in his queer, dismal way.

"Leave it to me; I'll fix it," he said, and turned again to Naga.

What he said the others could not, of course, understand, but they saw that the scowl left the fat chief's face and was replaced by an almost amiable expression. Then Naga spoke to the guards, and the ropes that fastened the white men's arms were untied.



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PLAYTIME
Every 2nd Wednesday

Bigger, Better, Brighter than ever

"It's all right," said Chad. "Naga says you can go, only if you try to leave the beach again you'll be clubbed at once."

"Chcerful old bird, isn't he?" remarked Col. "I say, Chad, tell him we're half-starved, and want something to eat."

"I'll see you get some," replied Chad. "But you had better clear out now while the old boy is still in a good temper."

CHAPTER 18 What Chad Told

CHAD was as good as his word.

He took them to his own hut and set them down to grilled fish, cassava porridge, and bananas. There were also fresh coconuts, the milk of which is one of the most delicious drinks in the world.

"I say, you do yourself well," said Col to Chad. "This fish is simply topping."

"Wait till you have lived on it for fourteen years," growled Chad. "Then you'll feel you'd give the rest of your life for a grilled beefsteak with onions and fried potatoes."

"Doan't yo' worry. Yo' shall have dat dish afore you're a heap older," said Jupe, as he helped himself to a golden banana so ripe that as he peeled it the soft flesh broke in his big hands.

Mr. Crale spoke.

"Burton, I wish you would tell us something about this island. It seems a queer place. One thing puzzles me badly. You say no white men ever come here, yet the chief was wearing a necklace of English sovereigns which looked to me to be brand new."

"It's a queer place all right," said Chad. "I reckon one reason ships don't come here is because of the danger. There are reefs for miles round, and they're always changing. Volcanoes under the sea, that's the trouble. Anyway, it's right out of the track of any trading ships, and no craft except whalers ever cruise in these seas."

"Then what about those gold coins?" put in Mr. Crale.

"They're off a wreck," Chad answered. "About seven years ago we had a hurricane, the worst I ever saw. It took big trees up by the roots and carried 'em hundreds of yards. I saw rockets going up out to sea, and reckoned there was trouble, but I never saw the ship. When the storm blew off, all the beaches were thick with wreckage, but I reckon the best of it was over on Karum's part of the island."

"A month or two later some of Naga's fellows made a raid across the swamp and came back with a lot of stuff, among it these sovereigns. My notion is that the ship was a liner carrying bullion from Australia to England, and got driven out of her course by the hurricane and piled up on one of these reefs."

"Den dere's mebbe a heap more gold over in dis here Karum's country," said Jupe eagerly.

"Likely there is," agreed Chad; "but, seeing I've not been there since, I can't tell you."

"Why haven't you been there?" asked Kit.

Chad grinned slyly. "I'm getting a bit old for fighting through those swamps. I don't go unless I've got to."

"What swamps?" demanded Col.

"You'll learn right enough before you're much older," prophesied Chad gloomily. "You see, this island is really two: two big chunks of high land connected up by an isthmus. Rummier place you ever saw. One part is a sort of knife-edge of rock too narrow for anything to cross unless it was a goat, the rest is flat and the ugliest kind of swamp, full of alligators and snakes and—"

A dull roar cut him short, a sound like that of a monstrous train passing through a giant tunnel. The earth trembled, heaved, and from outside came piercing yells of terror.

"An earthquake!" cried Mr. Crale as he leaped for the door.

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was She?

The Children's Artist

CHILDREN very often take after their parents and show skill and ability in those things in which their mothers or fathers excelled. How many musicians, for instance, have had sons and daughters who became musicians, like the famous Bach family! How many scientists, too, have had scientific sons like the Darwins!

It is often the same with art, and a well-known English artist and engraver of the early nineteenth century had a daughter who very early showed that she had inherited much of her father's skill.

She was born in the East End of London when that district was quite a well-to-do middle-class suburb, and, as she spent a good deal of her early life on a Nottinghamshire farm, she soon obtained a love of Nature which lasted through life.

She delighted in drawing flowers and leaves and trees, and did these so well that her father decided to have her trained as an artist. So, after attending classes at various places, she was sent to the art school at South Kensington, where a fellow student was Elizabeth Thompson, who afterwards became Lady Butler, the painter of such well-known battle pictures as The Roll Call and Scotland for Ever!

She finished her studies at the famous Slade School, and then began to paint Christmas cards and exhibit water-colour drawings in London. Her pictures were of the simplest character—pretty little country scenes of children playing; but there was a charm about the pictures and an originality of treatment which won for her great admiration.

Some urged her to draw more like other artists, but distinguished critics and painters whom she knew encouraged her to develop her own style, and this she did with such success that her beautiful and simple coloured pictures for children's books became world famous. It was not long before she had a picture hung at the Royal Academy, and of some of the reproductions of her colour drawings, prepared specially for framing, over a hundred thousand copies were sold.

Her success brought her wealth, and from four books alone, which she illustrated, she realised over £8000. Such authorities as John Ruskin and Lord Leighton praised her work in the very highest terms, and no work on English art could now fail to mention her.

But although she became rich and was much courted by those in society and high circles, she remained simple and modest to the end of her days, and was a very hard worker. Here is her portrait. Whowas she?



November 24, 1923

The Children's Newspaper

II



Let Us with Joyous Steps Now Go Our Ways



D! MERRYMAN

THE Great Man (in disgust):
"More anonymous letters!"
The Would-be Great Man (not to be outdone): "Treat them as I do. I receive lots, but never answer one."

A Charade

DEEP in my first my second lies,
Unseen by mortal eyes,
Rough and unknown; yet when
brought forth
'Tis deemed a noble prize.
A thief in the house, you say?
Then shut the doors each one,
And bar each window firm and fast:
We'll keep him safe till dawn.

The morning came, loud was the
wail,
And sad; sad was the sight;
The thief had by my whole escaped,
And bolted through the night.

Answer next week

WHY is a pig like the letter N?
Because he makes a sty nasty.

Is Your Name Gardiner?

THIS is from an old Northern
French word, and is the same
as our common word gardener.
Jardine is another variant of the
same name.

Probably the ancestor of the
Gardiners and Jardines held the
office of gardener to some noble-
man's castle or a monastery in the
North of France.

A Change of Address

JOHNNIE was begging his father to
let him have a second piece of
cake.

"When I was a boy," said
Father, "I was allowed to have
only one helping."

Johnnie thought this over for a
minute, and then said:

"Daddie, aren't you glad you
live with us now?"

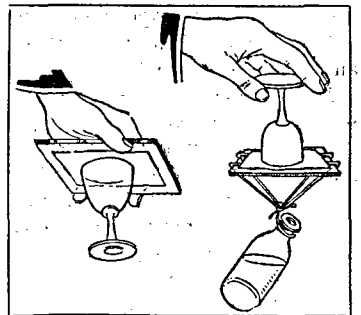
WHAT weapon does the Earth most
closely resemble? A revolver.

A Wineglass Experiment

WITH a wineglass, a small plate of
glass, and some blotting-paper
it is possible to perform a really
astonishing feat:

Fill the wineglass three-quarters
full of water, lay a piece of thick
blotting-paper over its mouth, and
over the blotting-paper place the
glass plate. It is very necessary
that the mouth of the wineglass
should be even, and that the glass
plate should be flat.

Now hold the arrangement with
both hands very carefully, and turn



it over so that the water comes in
contact with the blotting-paper,
which will absorb some of the water
and thus create a partial vacuum in
the wineglass. The wineglass will
now adhere firmly to the blotting-
paper and the glass plate, and may
be held in either of the positions
illustrated.

The second drawing shows a
bottle attached by wire to the glass
plate, and into this a considerable
amount of water may be poured to
test the extraordinary force of the
adhesion.

WHAT is that which lives in winter,
dies in summer, and grows with
its root upwards? An icicle.

A Birthday Cake



FREDDIE FIELDMOUSE had a birth-
day—

One year old was he.
Winks, the Brownie, brought a
present

Which was good to see.
"Look!" he cried. "One lighted
candle

On a little cheese!
If I know your taste, dear Freddie,
This is sure to please."

"Rather so" said Freddie, beam-
ing.

"Shall I ever cease
Eating things I am so fond of—
Cheese and candle grease?"

A Puzzle Verse

CAN you read this verse so as to
make it perfectly intelligible?
It is a sign that a country innkeeper
placed over his door.

Here's to Pand's Pen, d'Asoc. I.
Alho-Ur,
In h. Arm (Les Smirt) Hand, F.
U-n;
Let fri. end Shipreig N.B. EjuSt
And ki, N.D.
An: Devil's Peak, O! F.N.—, O!
N.E.

Solution next week

WHEN is a sheep like ink?
When it is in a pen.

Dear, Dear!

THE teacher had very carefully
given her class an account of
the reindeer's habits, food, and uses.
Then she noticed that one little boy
was not paying the slightest atten-
tion, so she asked him:

"Now, what is the use of the
reindeer?"

Awaking from his daydream, the
startled boy replied:

"Er—it makes everything in the
garden grow, teacher."

What Am I?

MY first is in cattle but not in bull,
My second's in hauling but not
in pull,

My third is in master but not in
lord,

My fourth is in bludgeon but not in
sword,

My fifth is in rattle but not in shake,
My sixth is in biscuit but not in
cake,

My seventh's in daydream but not
in think,

My eighth is in gazing but not in
blink,

My ninth is in every but not in any,
My whole is a town with scholars
many:

Answer next week

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

A Charade Imp-ass-able

An Apple Problem

They began to sell at the rate of
seven for a penny; and the first
sold seven pennyworth, the second
four, and the third one penny-
worth. The best fruit, however,
was saved till last, the first woman
having one apple left, the second
two, and the third three. These
choice apples were sold at three-
pence each, with the result that
all three women took home tenpence.

A Riddle in Rhyme Holidays

Jacko Has a Ride

JACKO had such a shock one day that it took him some time
to get over it.

They were putting up a new factory in the town where he
lived, and he was very interested in the building operations.

He used to go over there whenever he got a chance; but
that wasn't very often because it happened to be at the other
end of the town.

He made friends with the workmen, and at first they liked
to have him around. Sometimes they let him help them. But
Jacko could never make himself useful for long without getting
into mischief. He certainly got to learn quite a lot about
building, but unfortunately he thought he knew more than he
did, and got a bit too clever. One day he interfered with some
mortar that the men were mixing, and got into serious trouble
with the foreman.

"You be off!" he shouted; "and don't you let me catch
you hanging round here again."

And he looked so fierce that for some days Jacko didn't
dare to show his face there. But he soon forgot all about it,
and one Saturday morning, while he was out that way on an
errand for his mother, he passed the road where the new build-
ing was being put up.

As he stood watching a great arm swung out with a bucket
dangling on the end of a chain.

"Coo!" said Jacko. "They've got a crane!"

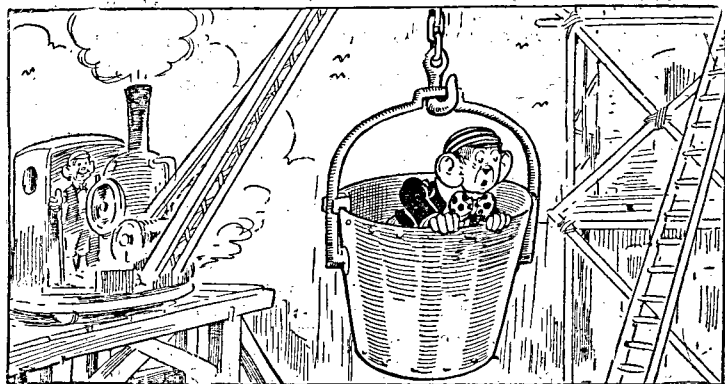
Jacko loved a crane. He could stand looking at it, swinging
its load up and down, for hours.

He wished he hadn't made himself so unpopular over the
mortar; he felt he would give anything to stand on the little
platform beside the man who worked the engine.

As he stood watching, the 12 o'clock bell went, and gradually,
one by one, the men went off to their dinner.

"I'll wait a bit," thought Jacko, "and pop up when there's
no one about."

So he waited a bit, and when he thought it was safe he went



"Now we've got you!" laughed the man at the engine

in—and nearly fell over the big bucket that he had seen dangling
in the air.

"I wonder what they put in it?" he muttered. "Why, it's
big enough to hold me." And he threw a leg over the side
and sprang in.

He had no sooner squatted down than he heard a laugh; the
next minute the chain that had been lying loose on the ground
tightened up, the bucket wobbled and shot up off the ground,
and there was Jacko as high as the chimney pots.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the man at the engine. "Now we've
got you!"

"Let me down!" cried Jacko, furious at being caught.

But the man was enjoying his little joke; he thought it too
good to keep all to himself, and he kept Jacko there a prisoner
till the others came back to enjoy the fun with him.

It gave Jacko such a fright that it was a long time before he
dared to go near the building again.

Ici on Parle Français



Un âne La cigarette La foule

L'âne est un animal docile et patient
Nous ne fumons pas la cigarette
Cet orateur s'adresse à la foule



Le violon La navette La cheminée

Je voudrais savoir jouer du violon
Regarde la navette qui va et vient
La fumée noire sort de la cheminée

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your
town and how many die? Here are
the figures for four weeks in 12 towns.

TOWN	BIRTHS	DEATHS
	1923	1922
London ..	6601..6913..	3438..3451
Glasgow ..	2020..2010..	994..1001
Manchester	1192..1175..	567..624
Edinburgh	656..671..	357..384
Hull ..	549..484..	247..259
Cardiff ..	323..340..	175..163
Coventry ..	168..179..	86..100
Reading ..	120..120..	63..76
Ipswich ..	103..116..	51..53
Bath ..	73..60..	46..65
Chester ..	60..64..	26..34
Eastbourne	47..51..	31..36

The four weeks are up to Oct. 27, 1923

Tales Before Bedtime

The Promise

EILEEN had got into trouble
for being late for school,
and the teacher was looking
very stern.

"I will not punish you," said
Miss Sharpe, "if you will
promise that it shall never
happen again."

Eileen promised, and went
home from school that morning
full of good resolutions.

She started out for after-
noon school in plenty of time,
and took the short cut by the
duck pond.

As she passed she noticed a
rough boy holding something
in his arms. It was a fluffy
grey kitten, and it was strug-
gling frantically to get free.
She was terrified of rough boys,
but in her anxiety to save the
kitten she forgot her terror,
her promise—everything.

"What are you doing with
the kitty?" she asked.

"I'm going to drown it," the
boy said.

"Oh, the poor little thing!
You shan't!" screamed the
little girl; and her excitement
startled the boy who was hold-
ing the kitten. He stumbled
backward, and before he could
recover himself she had
snatched the kitten from him
and was running off with it.

The clock struck two just
before she reached the school.
She was late again!

She shut the kitten in the
cloakroom, and turned hur-
riedly, to meet the angry face
of Miss Sharpe.

"Have you forgotten your
promise so soon?" asked the
mistress.

Eileen, shaken by her ad-
venture, was crying too much
to speak; but just then the
cloakroom door, which had
not closed properly, opened,
and the kitten walked out.

Miss Sharpe pounced on it
joyfully.

"That is my Fluffy!" she
exclaimed. "I have lost her



She snatched the kitten

for two days. How did she
get here?"

In broken sentences Eileen
told her.

"And you risked punish-
ment, even broke your word,
to rescue a poor, helpless little
animal!" exclaimed the teacher.
"Oh, you brave little girl, how
can I blame you?"

And, instead of giving her
a hundred lines to write, she
gave Eileen a kiss!

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

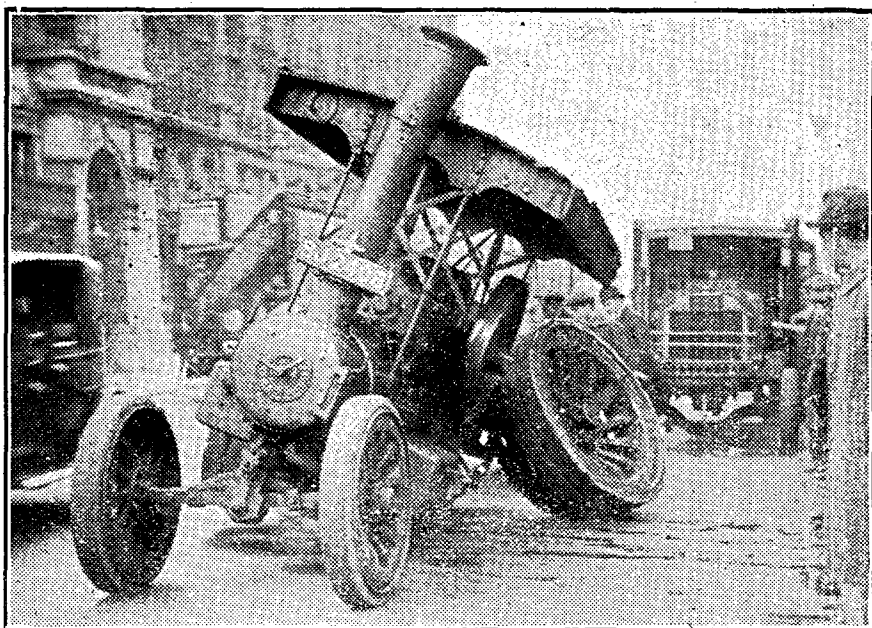
CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

November 24, 1923

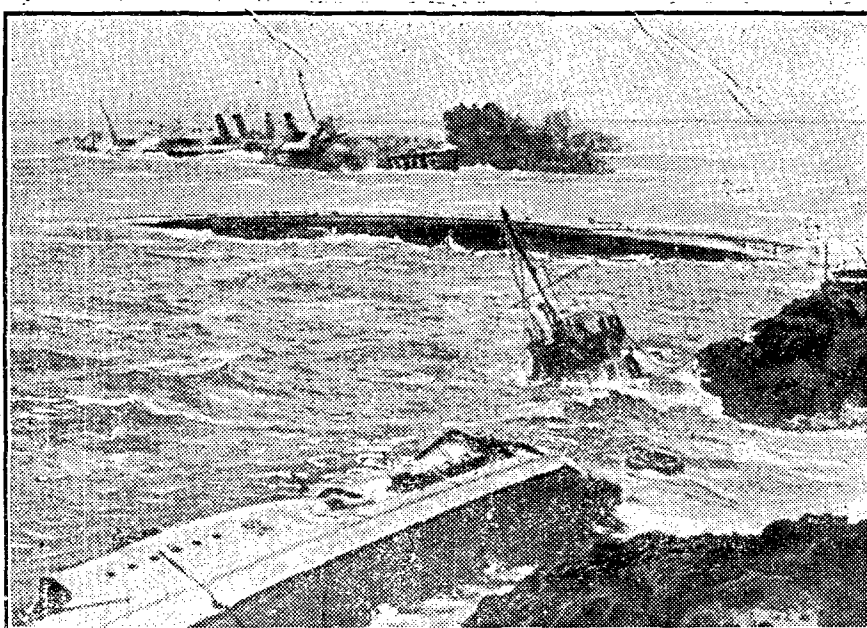
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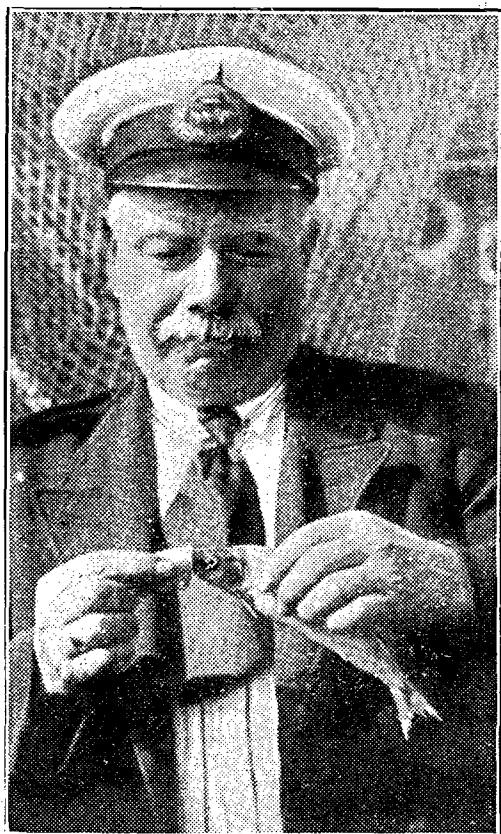
TRACTION ENGINE IN TROUBLE · A FLEET ON THE ROCKS · HIPPO IN ARMS



The Traction Engine Breaks Down—This unusual sight was witnessed in Pall Mall, London, the other day, the axle of the traction engine having broken, so that the engine was helpless



A Fleet of Warships on the Rocks—A remarkable photograph showing the scene on the morning after seven United States warships ran on the rocks off California. See page 4



Marking the Fish—The British Government has fitted out a trawler to carry out research work. It is allowed to trawl in foreign waters, and, as shown here, fish are marked with bands to test their migration



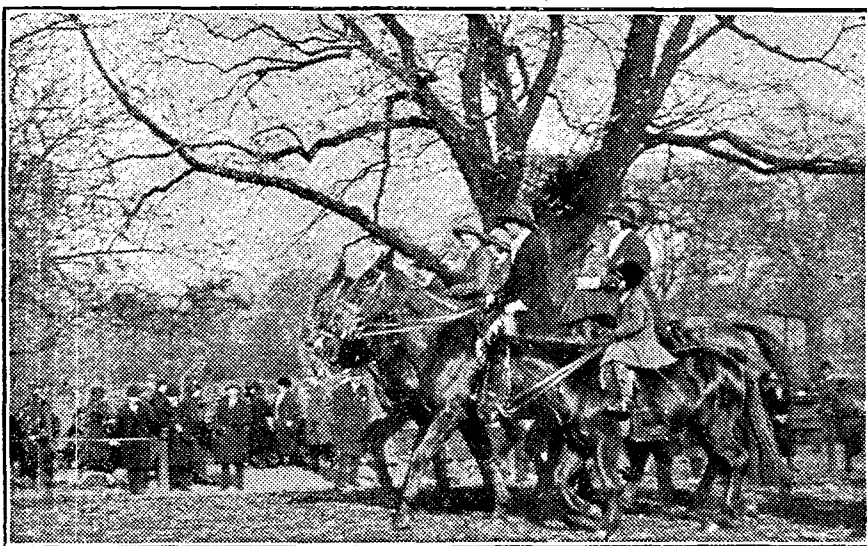
A Fine Game of Rugby—Rugby football is becoming more and more popular, and large numbers of secondary schools have recently changed over from Association to the Rugby game. In this picture of a county match the players are jumping for the ball as it is thrown in from touch



A Hippo in Arms—This baby pigmy hippopotamus from Liberia is the smallest hippopotamus that has been seen at the London Zoo. It is fed on condensed milk, of which it takes twelve tins a day from a bottle



Planting a Tree at Stowe—Delegates to the Imperial Conference in London visited Stowe House School recently, and planted trees to represent their various countries. Here Senator Malan is placing South Africa's tree in the ground. The trees will form an interesting monument



A Morning Ride in the Park—Many morning riders are now seen in Hyde Park, and this attractive picture was taken on a recent sunny November morning as a happy party passed by. The spectators who gather in the park seem to enjoy the fun quite as much as the riders

ALL THE WORLD LOVES THE C.N. MONTHLY. ASK FOR MY MAGAZINE. EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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